The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TO NORA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I know when thou dost touch the keys,
Pure maiden, with thy loving hand,
That I shall hear sweet harmonies,
Or marches proud and grand.

For as the sun with beauty fills
A field that in the night was dark,
And shows the flowers and flashing rills,
And trees where sings the lark—

So dost thou light and warm thy theme
With the pure music of thy soul,
Disclosing the rare gems that gleam
Throughout the beauteous whole.

Thy gentle tone and patient words
Are sweeter than a hymn to me;
Thy voice is gushing as a bird's
Upon some hidden tree.

And thou dost warble like the bird,
In the pure air with heaven above—
Whether or not the song be heard,
'Tis always sweet with love.

Thy laugh is like the sunbeam free,
Breaking the rippling waves along;
And in thy step is melody,
And in thy smile a song.

The organ soaring rich and strong,
Lifts the soul nearer to its God;
The bursting of a battle song
Sets fire the soldier's blood.

So shall the music of thy life
Help soaring souls the truth to find,
And sweeten in this world of strife
The tasks we are assigned. RUPERT.

BUFFALO HUNTING.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

HOW A FAIRY TALE ENDED.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

The express had deposited its Hereford passengers, and Major Herman, with a lady on his arm, came out of the station to where his carriage waited. He had put his companion into her seat, and was about to take the reins, when he caught sight of a gentleman entering the booking-office. "Excuse me, Agatha," he said, following and stopping him. "You have been to the Maples, to-day, I suppose, Dr. Sheppey."

"Yes; I have but just come from there."

"And how is—Mr. Kennard?"

"Just the same; and little Freddy better, but still pining for his twin-brother; others all well except Miss Josephine, who is over-anxious, and I fear, a little over-worked. They will be glad to see you back, Major Herman."

Very quiet was Noel as he drove through the town, and Miss Denison pondered for a reason.

"I have told you every earthly thing, Noel, and you have told me nothing. Who were you asking after—all those people?"

"Do you already forget all I have told you of the Kennards?" Noel answered, simply.

"Certainly not. Is it Miss Kennard who is over-anxious and over-worked?"

"It is she of whom Dr. Sheppey says it."

"What is this child like, Noel? describe her to me as you could not do in a letter."

After a scarcely perceptible pause, Noel looked round, laughing. "Then I will borrow some one else's words to tell you in. 'Methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise.'"

"Altogether, I suppose, she, too, is a hero," laughed Agatha.

"You can judge for yourself, Agatha, as you are to be neighbors."

"Yes, I shall cultivate her; I am tired of girls like myself. Are not you tired of me yet, Noel?"

He smiled a little. "You give me no opportunity to be," he said, "you have kept so far away from me when you could."

She felt, perhaps for the first time, that this had pained him; and wondered at it in her mind; the very consciousness making her very sweet and gentle to him when she came into the quiet house, with a new element of bright, careless gayety, making a pretty picture herself, in the lamp-light, sitting beside Mrs. Herman, chatting lightly and gently of the world in which she had been moving; turning with irresistible smiles and sauciness to Noel every now and then. Noel, who followed with dreamy, questioning eyes, every action of the tall, graceful figure, and every change on the fair, blooming face.

"How proud he ought to have been of her! how little he deserved the smallest portion of any love she could give him!" ran his eager thoughts; she was come at last, and the road was plainly marked before him—so clearly and distinctly marked!

The very second day of her visit, Agatha made Noel take her to the Maples. She was quite eager for the call she told him. And along the road that was so often trodden by him he took her on this sunny April morning.

In the little drawing-room, with the sunlight pouring in upon them, the two girls met; each trying unconsciously to grasp the nature of the other. Josie had been sitting on the floor, beside Freddy's sofa, as they came in, and when she rose, Agatha drew her own chair to the spot, and took Freddy under her immediate protection, asking him gentle common-place questions in which her eyes bore very little part, and her thoughts none at all. And Josie—neither conscious nor shy, but with just the quaint childish manner of old—told Major Herman the many things he desired to know after his long absence of three days.

Then they, too, joined Agatha and Freddy, and the earnestness of Agatha Denison's bright eyes deepened a little as she turned to the window, while Noel told Freddy the wonderful adventures he had had, and gave him the wonderful presents he had brought.

"Miss Kennard," said Agatha, suddenly, looking into the little dark face beside her, "did your ever know any one so pleasant with children as Major Herman?"

"I think my brothers are as pleasant with them," she answered, gently.

Miss Denison, without removing her eyes, laughed a little. "Of course; but then he is not a brother. He is like, who was it? who had 'a childly way with children.' But I suppose you would not know, you have not time to read romances."

"Oh, I know Leolin Averill very well," said Josephine, simply.

"You do find time for romances, then?"

"Yes, a good many," answered Josie, lightly.

"You seem such a child," said Agatha, gently laying a hand on her shoulder, "that I can hardly fancy you out of the school-room."

"I think I ought to be in it, indeed," Josie said, earnestly. "I know nothing—to be nearly eighteen!"

On their way home Agatha repeated this little speech to Noel, laughing merrily.

"Her not having been taught more is no pity at all," said Noel, gravely, "she teaches all the better."

"Noel," said Agatha, gravely, too, "did it strike you, to-day, what a contrast we two girls were?"

"Why should that strike me?" he answered, rather hastily.

"I don't know why, but I think it did; tell me how."

"I do not think it struck me at all, dear," he said, very gently, "but I will tell you something that did, though you will, of course, hardly understand it. The change there is in that child's face since the day I first saw her, standing where she stood with you to-day."

"What change, Noel?" she asked, looking straight along the road in front of them.

"That I do not know; I cannot understand it myself, I only see it."

"The change from a child to a woman, perhaps?" asked Agatha in a low voice, "which comes upon us sometimes unawares."

"It may be so; but she has had sorrow and anxiety enough to change any one, has not she? quite enough to complete the contrast you spoke of between her and yourself, Agatha dear."

Agatha pondered this a little in her mind, feeling, with woman's wisdom, that this could not do it alone.

From that day Agatha Denison took it into her head—or into her heart, perhaps—to find her way to the Maples very often indeed, lightly taking Josie's excuse that Freddy could not spare her to return these perpetual calls.

One bright Saturday afternoon far on in May, they persuaded Josie to drive with them, and she had sat beside Noel (for the last time, she said to herself, knowing he was going away with Agatha on the Monday), with Freddy lying beside her among the cushions; and Agatha cheerily talking to them from the back seat; then they had come to the Maples to spend their last evening together. Mr. Kennard had roused himself to talk to Agatha, who was a pleasant intelligent companion; then Noel had wheeled his chair to the foot of the stairs where Donald and Will waited to carry it up; and Josie held up little Freddy to receive his kisses.

"Good-night, dear," said Noel, tenderly, as the child's face nestled a moment beside his own. "These little cheeks will be round and red when I come back, and these lazy little feet running everywhere, but you won't forget poor Noel?"

"No; I'll never forget you, Noel," said Freddy, softly, and Josie turned her head away a little wearily.

"Of course you will forget me," said Agatha, with an odd shakiness in her gay voice; "but if you do, it shall be Noel's fault."

"You'll see how I'll remember," and the tiny hand touched Agatha's bright cheek. "Is this a tear?"

She laughed, giving him into his sister's arms.

"Mythical ideas children get sometimes," she said, lightly. "Now, Josie, 'you won't be long away, be sure,' I would sing that until you come back, only Noel dislikes it, I fancy."

"You would only have time for one verse," said Josie, as she went. "Will you try?"

But no sound of music followed her, and if she had re-entered suddenly, she would have been astonished to see how two people, betrothed, and on the eve of marriage, amused themselves when left alone. Agatha, lying back in her low easy chair, her hands idle in her lap—looked out over the silent, restful landscape with sad and thoughtful eyes, that never turned or drooped.

Noel—his arms folded and his eyes bent on the carpet—walked slowly backwards and forwards, from end to end of the little room, as silent as she was. Presently Donald came in, with the bright, bonny face of old, but otherwise changed indescribably. The agony and remorse of one night, and the better thoughts and aims of the months that followed, had left little of the Donald of old, save the handsome face and winning manners. There was no wavering restlessness in the young eyes now, no reckless weakness on the merry lips. The face had lost its boyish *insouciance*, but had gained immeasurably in other things; and the thorough self-forgetfulness of the lad showed in every action. He came and stood at the window opposite Agatha, talking to her with a certain easy courtesy that many an older man might have envied.

Noel slackened his pace a little, but still walked on. Then Will came in, ignoring his books for this last night, and sat down on a low seat beside Agatha; while she turned her bright eyes on him, and drew him on to talk. She was always fond of drawing out Will; proud of it, too, a little, knowing how shy and reserved he was to every one but his sister. Noel overheard a little of the conversation, but had not stopped in his slow, thoughtful walk when Josephine came in again, with heavy shadows in her dark eyes.

"I don't call that a fault at all, Will," said Agatha, cheerily, her quick eyes noticing why Noel stopped at last. "As for me, I look upon ambition as one of the cardinal virtues."

Donald and Will both laughed, and as they did so, Agatha, smiling too, listened if the other voices in the room were speaking. No; not a word, and as the talk went merrily on, Josie came forward quietly, in her soft, black dress and took the seat Donald gave her. Then Noel leaned against the window opposite Donald, and, looking down upon the girls, stood thus quite silently, save for a few words now and then when he was particularly addressed. At last, almost imperceptibly, Agatha—who had led the conversation and been the chief talker—drew back gradually into silence too, as she watched and listened.

So the shadows lengthened, and the twilight deepened round them, as they sat in the window looking less at each other than out upon the quietness of the summer evening, until Donald noticed Agatha's dreamy attitude and something on her face which he had never seen before.

"Miss Dennison is not used to so many boys about her as you are, Joe," he said. "We tire her, I fear."

"Does your head ache, Miss Denison?" asked Will, anxiously.

"My head ache? No; why should my head ache?"

"You are so silent."

Suddenly her face assumed a woe-begone expression.

"I have such horrible toothache sometimes," she said, "I don't know what to do with myself when it comes on."

Full of regret for having been unobserved and heedless, Josie's sympathetic little face bent over her.

"Oh, it's gone now," said Agatha, unable to keep up the expression necessary to a continuation of the malady, "quite gone, thank you." And easily and gracefully—as she did everything—she rose and bade them all good-night.

"Do not let us call it good-bye," she said, "we shall meet in church to-morrow, at any rate: or, stay! let me say good-bye, because to undergo an operation oneself is not bad; but I forbid Noel to say it, one cannot bear to look at the same operation performed on others."

"In this mood you will have your tiresome tooth out, Miss Denison," laughed Don.

"I think I shall," she said, with a funny little smile in the corners of her mouth. "I have made up my mind to it. Noel, no good-byes for you."

Noel's eyes said—against his will—that this was rather a selfish speech, but he was not sorry to abide by it, and after Agatha's warm good-byes his leave-taking sounded quiet and indifferent. The soft still peacefulness of the May twilight crept into their hearts as Noel and Agatha walked home arm-in-arm along the quiet old familiar road; and it did not seem strange to either that they should walk so in silence. Nor did it seem strange that, when at last Agatha broke the silence, it should be in a subdued and softened voice that took its tone more from the one quiet thought in her heart than from the universal quiet around her.

"Noel," she said, as they turned into the garden at Hillfield, "come down the river-walk, please. I want to speak to you alone there."

They passed the house and walked on till they came to a rustic terrace over the river, which Noel had covered with ferns and rock-plants. Drawing her hand from his arm, Agatha folded hers upon the wood-work and looked down the dim surface of the river.

"It is very pretty here, Noel," she said, at last.

"This is a favorite spot of mine, dear," he said, trying not to show any surprise at her bringing him here. "I had the myosotis beautiful here last year."

"Had you?"

He too, was leaning on the ivy now, looking over and down to where, in an artificial cave, he kept two horned owls. He watched and waited for some movement from them, wondering why he did so all through the silence that followed her short answer.

He began to think he heard them, when Agatha suddenly turned a gay, piquante face to his, laughing out cheerily in the gloaming.

"Noel, tell me that long thought?"

He answered astonished.

"Yours was longer, Agatha; you were silent so long I was obliged to fall back upon a very commonplace one. Tell me yours first."

"That is just what I intend to do. Noel, I can never come to live at Hillfield."

At first he laughed, in light incredulity.

"Then we must have a house elsewhere, must we?"

"No; I shall not be happy in any house you take."

As he gathered her meaning slowly, his face grew white and angry.

"How long have we been engaged now, Noel?"

She asked it so indifferently and carelessly that he could frame no answer, though she waited for it.

"Never mind," she went on, "I know it near enough; almost six years: and a very pleasant six years they have been, for we have been merely friends, never lovers as—as I understand it now. Noel, let us be always just so: dear friends, true friends, and nothing more."

"Agatha, what are you saying?" he asked, in a low, vexed tone.

"What I mean, dear Noel. It was a mistake of yours to think you were in love with me; you did not know it was a mistake then—but you do now. It was a mistake of mine to feel myself in love with you, *I* ought to have known it even then; these things are plainer to women than to men. And so—in fact, Noel, I cannot settle down. I am a wandering, restless kind of person, and would rather only come here just to see you and your wife."

"And yet you take my wife away from me, when I was just going to bring her here?"

"Not at all. I only take somebody away and leave room in your large, loving heart for a wife that is to come to you, mine own dear friend."

She could see his face but very indistinctly, and she could read little of the strange look that passed over it.

"Noel," she went on, in her most gentle tones, "no one hears us; no one will ever know what passed between us two to-night; but if I do not say one thing to you, you may be proud for my sake when I am gone, and make yourself and others more unhappy still. I have done enough of that. Let me have done it all, and let me go to my own happiness, leaving happiness behind me too. I am a great deal older, Noel, than the child you love, but that shall make me only her truer friend. I shall come to her and to you, dear Noel, when I can; and seeing your happiness, shall rejoice that I—did not love you in that sort of way. I shall tell Mrs. Herman to-morrow, how I am fretting for foreign lands again, and must go back to poor auntie; and, Noel, do not falter because of me, for I shall take care never to come back until—she is here. So you will be effectually keeping me away, you see."

As she spoke she turned towards the house, Noel beside her. But her quick steps lingered as she neared it.

"What do you say to me, before we go in?" she said, abruptly.

"It shocks me so to feel you have not loved me, Agatha," he said, quietly.

"Does it?" she answered, cheerfully. "Ah! well, there's no accounting for these things. The best thing is that I can love you always as I have always loved you—like a friend and sister. You want something rather more than that in your wife, dear Noel, don't you think so?"

"And you will not give me more than that?" he asked, almost wistfully.

"Never! nor can you give it me. That love God only gives us once, I think, in all our lives; and, oh when you feel it in your own heart, and win it in another, it is a thing to be grateful for all your life! Come in now, Noel; Mrs. Herman will wonder what keeps us."

As they separated in the hall that night, Agatha, giving Noel her hand, said with a little happy laugh, "Noel, you are not half so polite, nor half so handsome as Donald Kennard. If I had a brother like Don I should not look at you."

And Noel, laying his other hand on hers, looked down and answered: "You have read the secret there has been between us, dear. God bless you for the way you read it!"

Once more a group is gathered on the stone steps at the Maples, in the fair June sunset.

"I hope," said Mr. Kennard, looking up as Will began to wheel his chair from the bottom where he had stopped among them, "that Don will be in time to meet the train."

"No fear, papa; Don would run all the way sooner than miss it; it is due now," said Josie, from her corner, bending to him a face that was beautiful in its happiness. "It is so good to see him pleased and interested," she said to Major Herman, who sat below her.

"And other things are good too," he answered, quizzically.

"Yes; how good it is to think of the train just coming in; and, Freddy, you are there, are you? How good it is to see you well, my darling!"

The child had put his arms round her neck from behind, and Noel, leaning back, threw one arm round them both. "Oh, Freddy," he said, "did you ever hear the fate of that boat in which the little fairy sailed with her twenty brothers—do you remember?"

"Yes, I do. What did it do, Noel?"

"It foundered, dear; it went down to the bottom of the sea."

"Oh, Noel! and were they all killed and drowned?"

"Not one of them. It came up again with the brothers in it."

"And not the ugly little fairy?"

"Not the little fairy. No."

"She was an ugly little fairy, Noel."

"Was she? Oh, well, she wasn't in it."

"How bad, Noel!"

"Not at all, dear. Down at the bottom she had met with the Prince, who had been very lonely—you remember him, when he sailed away with a Princess, and they found that neither of them could live in anybody else's boat. So they came up to the top in the same."

"With the Princess?"

"No; she said she should like another, so she went on till she found one; but she often came into theirs for a sail."

"And weren't the twenty brothers sorry to lose the little fairy?"

"Well, they kept their boat alongside pretty well, I think," said Noel, with an irrepressible laugh in his eyes, "so it didn't matter."

"That was comfortable, wasn't it?" mused the child.

"Very—for everybody. But listen!"

Josie had darted through the open window, and Freddy after her, and Noel sat quietly where he was for a time, feeling that his presence was not needed just at first.

Before he had sat there very long he felt a hand upon each shoulder, and turned to meet an eager, boyish face and two small outstretched hands.

"Major Herman, you didn't turn away from me even *then;* will you speak to me now?"

"Jerome! dear old Jerry. I only waited for the others to meet you first. How glad I am to see you!"

"There are tears behind here that want to come," said Jerry, touching the back of his head, "but I suppose coming home is too happy a thing for tears to show their faces. I wish everybody wasn't so kind to me."

"No; you dont, Jerry, so don't pretend it."

"I wish Don was like he used to be," said the boy with a great gulp, "and would put me down and cuff me."

"I don't," said Noel, placidly, "I like him better as he is.

"And I thought my father would turn away from me, and he kissed me twice."

"Yes, he is glad to have you back," said Noel, with perfect calmness.

"I'm very glad school isn't full of love like this," gasped Jerry at last, his mouth working pitifully at the corners, "because I want a bigger punishment."

After having left him these few minutes with Noel, they all followed him out, hovering round him till they were summoned in to the late supper-tea.

"I think, Josie darling," said Noel, as they two hesitated a minute on the steps, "that He whose ways are not our ways has worked all for good to these twenty brothers of yours."

"And to me too, Noel," she said, raising to him a happy face on which the sunset light rested lovingly.

And he answered very gravely, but straight up from his heart: "And to me too."

MARK HARDCASTLE.

Marrying Abroad.

Probably there are good men in Rome, and report says that one of our New York belles has made a great match there, and is to marry not only the handsomest man in Italy, but one pure, and honorable, and Christian. But all such unions have a dark cloud in their horizon, and home life there is not what it is with us; nor is the record on the whole cheerful. Even in Germany and Switzerland, which are more like America, the wife is not regarded as with us, and the husband is master more than mate. I remember, years ago, in a New Hampshire village, having for a transient parishioner a lovely lady who had come with her child to be out of the reach of the stern Swiss husband who had won her from her princely American home to chill her by his cold despotism. Her face was one that might have been put into marble as an ideal nymph, such was the delicacy of feature and grace of expression. I thought of her last September, on a Sunday afternoon, as I rambled among the rich vineyards of Vevay towards the chateau to which she went, years before, as a blooming bride, and the terrace upon which she stepped, amid all that profusion of flowers. That was her home, her palace; yet her prison. She could not bear it, and fled to her old American home for relief—not from wickedness or vice, I believe, but from coldness and tyranny. As I looked upon that chateau and turned my face homeward, I thought that I would make some note of the experience, and advise American parents and daughters to be content with American husbands, and prefer modest comfort to the chance of splendid misery. Some prizes there are in that showy lottery; but the blanks are far more numerous, and more emphatic, I am sure.—*Osgood.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

TERMS.

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UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

We have observed of late, as it seems to us, a tendency to hasty conclusions on the part of several of the leading Scientists of England, which is not at all in accordance with the cautious and moderate spirit in which the investigations of science should be pursued. If the history of scientific research proves anything, it is that very gifted Scientists may easily stumble into serious errors. And while we have a very great admiration for such men, for instance, as Professors Tyndall and Huxley, we involuntarily feel in reading their often brilliant articles, that this may be very excellent literature, but it is not the tone of hesitating and cautious science; and if "the style is the man," the man is not an entirely safe and reliable guide through the misty and doubtful tracts of the unknown.

In a recent article by Professor Tyndall on "Haze and Dust," he assumes that the little floating particles which may be seen in the air, when a ray of sunlight is allowed to enter a darkened room, are, many of them, vegetable spores, and injurious to the person who breathes them. He gives no evidence, or at least sufficient evidence, to prove this. And yet it is by no means a self-evident truth, that either pure air or pure water—using the word pure in the sense of Prof. Tyndall—is that which is most favorable to human health. It has not been proved that these motes and spores in the air, and the various animalcules which are seen in water by the aid of a powerful microscope, are not essential parts of what we term the *life* of both elements. We do not say of course that they are, we only object to Professor Tyndall's hasty conclusions on the subject.

Some time ago our scientific authorities informed us that the heated air from the chambers which surround our cellar furnaces was unhealthy, because the heat charred or carbonized these motes in the air. Now Professor Tyndall tells us that not only flame, but even a high degree of heat, purifies the air by ridding it of these motes. Therefore, the very objection which was used with such force some time ago against furnace-heated air for our dwellings, is now turned into an argument in its favor. This heated air being in that respect superior to the cold air admitted directly from outdoors, and which is full of mineral particles, animal debris, vegetable spores, cholera and scarlet fever spores, and the saints know what else of an abominable and dangerous character.

Professor Tyndall, to avoid all these evil influences, recommended respirators of cotton wool. To hear him, it was almost wonderful that mankind had ever existed at all, without the cotton wool respirators. Until some of us began to think that the Creator had made a great mistake either in not making the air purer, or else making us all with a long trunk like the elephant's, filled with cotton wool, through which we might manage to breathe with comparative safety.

But fortunately for our peace, now comes along Dr. C. Both, of Boston, in "*Good Health,*" and calms our rising fears. Dr. Both, of whom we know only this, that he writes like a practical, sensible man, and one who understands fully that of which he is talking, says, relative to the breathing of these terrible spores:—

"Every microscopist knows that spores are cells, and that those generally floating in the air have organs by which they attach themselves to things, fine hair-fibres, &c. Now most of these spores would be arrested in the nose; and if admitted into the trachea they could not enter any fine bronchus, because they would be caught by the hairy epithelium of the bronchial membrane. But experiments, experience, and reason have proved that fine mineral dust, such as glass, steel, and caustic lime, enter the bronchi by far the deepest; the dust of caustic lime, especially, being known as among the very worst. The prisoners in one of the prisons of Hanover, who have to sift this lime, are very seldom known to live two years after entering this institution of slow, but sure execution, no matter how strong and well they were previously. But no dust, however fine, can under normal circumstances enter the air-alveoles (air-cells.) Now I shall admit, for the sake of argument, even the possibility of dust or spores entering the alveoles, could they come into the body? Not even the nitrogen gas of the air can penetrate the alveolar walls, but only the oxygen. This fact, which was discovered by the writer, was afterwards verified by Graham's experiments of filtering air [see Scientific American, May 1, 1860, page 279.]

"The anatomy of the lungs thus shows *that nothing save the oxygen, or a gas of equal thinness, can enter the blood by the lungs.* I should like to draw attention to a fact demonstrated by Professor Tyndall; namely, that warmth excludes the dust from the air. Now this fact speaks very strongly against his conclusion. The air, when entering the thorax, becomes warmed, consequently more extended and thinner; and its capacity of carrying things becomes thereby less; and that is another reason why that any dust is precipitated soon after entering the air-passages. Another point against the conclusions of Professor Tyndall, is the fact that *more spores are suspended in the air of fields and forests than in cities; while it is well known that forest air is better for lungs, as well as for the whole body, than the very best city air.*

"The whole of the spore theory (which is as well known to the writer as to those who most strongly support it), in reference to diseases, *is one of the greatest of errors and most dangerous of theories in medicine.* The greater mass of medical men are apt to grasp it, as an exhausted swimmer grasps a board to float upon. But there is no bottom to it. If Dr. Budd, and all the other supporters of this theory, had accepted, and understood, the cellular theory (so strongly opposed in England in certain quarters, because it is not of English stamp and origin), the fallacy and groundlessness of all the imaginary and other spores, in reference to diseases, would at once become apparent.

"It is a pretty theory for men who do not wish to acknowledge their want of anatomy, physiology, physics and chemistry, upon which scientific medical investigation solely rests, but who are always advancing, over again, old ideas with a new coat on, long ago settled by the pioneers of science. None of the supporters of this theory are able to show where, or in what manner, such spores can enter the blood, nor are they capable of showing how a vegetable spore could affect the life of a blood cell; in fact, they are entirely incapable of demonstrating anatomically, physiologically, or physically, chemically, or on any other scientific basis, that vegetable spores ever did, or ever could affect the single living animal cell, or whole body. As to the diseases of the poor of London, whom to see I had the misfortune, the want of beefsteak, clothing, and cleanliness is by far more noteworthy and striking than the presence of all the vegetable spores that are floating in the whole of England."

We breathe freer and deeper. With the idea of those terrible spores before us, how could a sensitive man breathe either freely or deeply? As the case stands now, we are not so certain but that we ought to be glad if the air, as well as the water, is full of both spores and animalcules. Perhaps it is the kicking and splurging of the latter that make both fresh water and fresh air so lively and inspiriting. Perhaps it is the killing of both that makes water that has been boiled, and air that has been roasted, so stale, flat, insipid—in one word, dead. Perhaps there is a certain amount of real nourishment for the stomach in these animalcules—these infinitesimally small sharks and elephants and lions; while the vegetable spores supply the proper proportion of vegetables. Perhaps all these things are not only not hurtful, but positively necessary for us—and that there are more curious truths in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in Professor Tyndall's philosophy.

A TRAIN OF THOUGHT.

How far shall lawyers be permitted to calumniate ladies who are not even legally charged with any offence, without the shadow of excuse and without incurring judicial admonition?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

As we glanced over a New York paper the other day, and read the speech of a certain lawyer (as the Scripture says) applying a very gross term to a lady who was incidentally connected with his client's case, the following train of thought ran through our mind.

Suppose that the husband of said lady, upon reading said speech, should become very much excited, as very naturally might be the fact—so excited, in fact, as scarcely to be master of his own actions. And suppose he should provide himself with a stout cowhide, and upon seeing said lawyer emerge from the court-room, should assault him most furiously. Could, or could not, the excited husband's conduct be successfully defended by some other able lawyer, on the plea of justifiable insanity? And would not a jury, made up as juries usually are, bring in a verdict of "served him right?"

☞ Our energetic friend, Wanamaker, the clothing man, says that they have nothing like Oak Hall in New York. We think he forgets that one of the most prominent objects in our sister city is A Oakey Hall.

JUSTIFIABLE INSANITY.

It is evident that our Courts and Lawyers and Juries are in want of a new phrase. There are certain cases in which the verdict "justifiable homicide" seems rather to appal them, but where a verdict of justifiable, in some way or shape, is sought to be rendered. Now for these cases we would suggest the adoption of a new term, JUSTIFIABLE INSANITY.

This is really what our lawyers and juries have been trying to get at for a number of years—but, quick-witted as the former are supposed to be, they have never been able to hit upon the right phrase; and, in all these matters, a good phrase is of the very highest importance. It has been left to THE POST to discover what so many able "criminal lawyers"—a most expressive and truthful designation—have looked for but failed to see.

A young lady has, or thinks she has, been jilted. Her whole soul becomes filled with indignation. She has been basely and cruelly deceived. Maria Jane struts superciliously past her house every Sunday, in company with the perfidious lover. Matilda Ann, the forsaken one, becomes excited to the highest degree. She can no longer do her household work properly. She always cuts her fingers when she attempts to help her little brothers and sisters to bread and butter. She mistakes the tea for the coffee, and the milk for the cream. Her face is pale, while her eyes frequently look red and inflamed, sure signs that her brain is becoming affected. She cannot sleep—another sure symptom of approaching insanity. Not only her alarmed parents, but even the neighbors ask, "what has come over Matilda Ann?" And one of these days, she pockets her brother's revolver, makes a call upon the faithless Thomas, upbraids him with his conduct, declares that he shall never live to wed that stuck-up Maria Jane, pulls the trigger, and there is one cold-hearted man less in the world to worry and be worried by sensitive woman.

Now this is just the case for our plea of Justifiable Insanity. Thomas had behaved so badly, and Matilda Ann felt so keenly his loss and Maria Jane's ill-concealed triumph, that she was justifiable in going insane over it, and shooting the said Thomas. Of course Thomas being shot, she is insane no longer. Simple-minded people might suppose that such a deed would make her crazier than ever—might even craze one who had been sane before—but the facts prove that such consequences seldom follow. In truth the insanity we allude to is of a very peculiar character. Its victims never make a mistake and insanely shoot the wrong person—it always subsides as soon as the deed is done—and there never is any danger of its recurrence, except perhaps under similar circumstances. In fact it presents in nearly all of its manifestations, a great similarity to what the old moralists, in their day of ignorance, used to call ungoverned anger and revenge. Of course it is not, in these enlightened days, to be confounded with such base attributes of the soul.

This Justifiable Insanity attacks, of course, jilted and jealous young men as well as young women—husbands and wives whose matrimonial partners have grown tired of them, and have sought a legal divorce—and other men and women who, for various causes, have their indignation so wrought upon as to become incapable of controlling their actions. Whether the thought of his exceeding poverty, as compared with another's abundant means, may ever be supposed capable of driving a poor man to the justifiable insanity of murdering for money, we are scarcely able to say. There was the celebrated case of Eugene Aram, a poor scholar, who committed murder because he needed the money so much more than his victim, the rude Housecman, and could make so much better use of it—but Aram was convicted, and hung; though the plea of Justifiable Insanity, we think, might have been urged in his case with more force than in that of many others of which we have heard.

The greatest danger that we see in the use of this plea of Justifiable Insanity is, that it may have a tendency to encourage the spread of insanity. Although the range of the human will is limited, it is still powerful in its sphere. Between a man who wishes to yield to certain influences that are driving him insane, and another who stoutly contends against such influences, the chances are ten to one in favor of the former's becoming insane a good while before the other. In truth the latter may be able to escape altogether. And if men and women thus temporarily insane, are allowed the privilege of gratifying their anger and jealousy and revenge with impunity, we fear that the spread of insanity will become so great, that not only those who conceive themselves injured, but those who have reason to believe that others are offended with them, will all become insane together—and each as rapidly as he or she can, in order to have the first fire.

☞ We are indebted to Judge Kelly for a copy of his able speech on the bill to promote the establishment of an international metrical system of coinage. The subject has no immediate interest for us, but we suppose there is a good time coming when yellow jacks shall again abound, and the unhappy ghost of Benton be able once more to repose in peace.

FEMALE SOLDIERS.

"The British Admiral Ramsey says that on the coast of Africa he once saw a regiment of rifle-women, and, Black as they were, he must say he never saw a finer regiment. All the officers were women, and there was not a single man in the whole regiment. They were most courageous, and fought bravely."

This shows that women are fully capable of serving in the army; and therefore those women who want the right to vote, must also agree to do their fair share of the fighting. Some husbands may feel a little queer when they see their wives leave home to join the army, but in the new time coming they will probably get used to it; and means doubtless will be provided by which they can comfort themselves, and have the children taken care of, while their better halves are off on jury duty or soldiering. We all have read in the good book, something about the wind being tempered to the shorn lamb.

HOW IT WAS.

The ways of editors are fearful and wonderful. Mr. Don Piatt recently got off into a corner with Mr. S. Bowles, of the Springfield Republican, after dinner, and they twain commenced shop-talk. Mr. Piatt said: "I once asked H. Greeley the secret of his success as a journalist, and he answered that he reinvested all that he had made in the Tribune. I asked the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial the same question; he said: 'A nose for news.' Now what is your response?" S. Bowles answered: "Energy and ugliness."

Another editor was asked why he had not succeeded. He replied:—"In the first place, unlike Mr. Greeley, I made no money to reinvest. In the second, unlike the *Commercial* man, I had no 'nose for news.' And in the third place, unlike Bowles, I had energy, but (hem!) I suppose I was not sufficiently bad-looking."

WHY IT ALWAYS RAINS ON YEARLY-MEETING WEEK.—We perceive that there is considerable ignorance among our citizens generally, as to the reason that it always rains during the early part of the week that the Society of Friends (Orthodox) holds its Yearly-Meeting. Now the reason is this. The Friends who resort here from the country, are generally farmers; and, if the weather were clear, and suitable for Spring work, their minds might be more or less disquieted—yea, verily. And so a special arrangement is made with the clerk of the weather to have clouds and rain during the Yearly-Meeting. Knowing that the Spring work would not be expedited in the least by their remaining at home, the Friends leave their farms with a serene composure, and attend their annual meeting with an undisturbed spirit.

It is not every religious society that has so much influence with the clerk of the weather as the disciples of George Fox. And our Quaker friends, while they have the innocence of the dove, are also as shrewd in their day and generation as the followers of a Fox have a fair right to be.

A GREAT RECEIPT.

Are you troubled with roaches, or ants?—then we can tell you how to manage them:—

Go to a Drug store and buy a pound of powdered Borax; scatter the Borax on the shelves and other places where the roaches or ants do congregate, and they will soon disappear. We have tried it on the large black roaches, large black ants, and little yellow ants, with equal success. The Borax may also be perhaps an equally sure remedy for other vermin. In any event, there is no danger in trying it, as it is a harmless drug.

All we ask for this wonderful receipt is only this—that the person who tries it, and finds it successful, shall send us one new subscriber either to THE POST or THE LADY'S FRIEND. We are not sure the receipt will continue to work, if this is not done.

"A gentleman who had a Sunday-school class, proposing to give each a book on Christmas, asked what book they would prefer. One said, 'I would like a copy of the *Revised Statutes of Massachusetts;*' another replied that he would like a copy of *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding;* a third chose a copy of *Mitchell's Astronomy;* the fourth preferred a book of selections of music; another made choice of *Draper's Physiology;* and the last man said that he did not know as he wanted or needed anything, but accepted a copy of *Combe on the Constitution of Man.*"

The above is said to be a fact—and now of whom do you suppose the said Sunday-school class consisted?

Young girls—the above illustration showing how capable they are of competing with mature men in everything? No.

Negro freedmen down South—proving how well fitted they are to vote, and sit in legislative and judicial halls? No.

Who then were they? Why, a Sunday-school class of six prisoners in a Massachusetts prison!

Draw your own conclusions. The newspapers are full of such stuff about the ignorant and incapable classes of society; and a sensible reader who believed them, might infer that there were no fools, except among educated and intelligent people, and no knaves, except those outside of the prisons.

☞ According to the eminent French physician, Dr. Levy, the average duration of life among the Jews is thirty-seven years, while among the Gentiles it is only twenty-six years.

"A meteoric stone weighing about 5,000 pounds, is reported to have fallen recently near Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan, Africa."

Some one said that the goodness of Providence was shown by the fact that large rivers are generally found flowing by large towns. Perhaps the goodness of Providence is equally shown by the fall of such a heavy stone as the above in Africa, where the people are favored with remarkably thick skulls, rather than in lands less protected in this respect. Still even in Africa, hailstones of that weight might hurt somebody.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PARIS BY SUNLIGHT AND GASLIGHT. A Work Descriptive of the Mysteries and Miseries, the Vistues, the Vices, the Splendors, and the Crimes of the City of Paris. By JAMES D. MCCABE, JR., author of the "Aide-de-Camp," "Planting the Wilderness," etc., etc. Illustrated with over 150 fine engravings. By Gustave Dore, A. De Bar, Fichot, Hubert Clerget, and other celebrated artists of France. Published by the National Publishing Co., Philada, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; St. Louis, Mo.; Boston, Mass.; and Atlanta, Ga. Issued by Subscription only, and not for sale in the book stores.

CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR. With Explanatory Notes, and Copious Dictionary, and a Map of Gaul. By ALBERT HARKNESS, L.L. D., Professor in Brown University. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Professor Harkness's Text Books are among the very best.

THE FIRST BOOK OF BOTANY. Designed to Cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. By ELIZA A. YOUMANS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

A RACE FOR A WIFE. By HAWLEY SMART, author of "Breezie Langdon." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

COLOR IN DRESS. A Manual for Ladies. By W. and G. AUDSLEY. Adapted from the London Edition. Published by George Maclean, 710 Sansom St., Philada.

DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF GEORGE PEABODY. By SEVERN T. WALLIS. Published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. This contains, in addition to its usual variety of interesting papers, four instalments of a new novel, called "The Lady of the Ice," by JAMES DE MILLE, and also the first monthly instalment of Dickens's new novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. For May. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston. Excellent as usual.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. American Edition. Published by The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

BEECHER'S MAGAZINE. We have received the January, February, March, and April numbers of this magazine, containing much interesting and instructive matter. Published by J. Beecher, Trenton, New Jersey.

GOOD WORDS. Edited by NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D. The April number has been issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. For May. This number commences a new story by Anthony Trollope Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE TRANSATLANTIC MONTHLY. For May. Published by L. R. Hamersley & Co. For sale by Turner Brothers, Philada.

GOOD HEALTH. The May number of this excellent journal has been received from the publisher, Alexander Moore, Boston.

A Boy of the Period.

I saw a young, but very promising, cynic, the other day, in church. Three boys were sitting together, he in the middle, but I think he had come alone. The other two pulled out their Bibles, and followed the lessons, joined in the chants, sang the hymns, knelt for the prayers, and generally comported themselves with becoming reverence and propriety. He, however, my cynic, regarded them, to right and left, with an air of the most sublime contempt. He would look round the church, as if to call attention to this preposterous humbug, and his own superiority. In deference to the service, he stood up for the hymns and sat down for the lessons; but he neither knelt nor joined in the singing, nor affected anything but the most supreme boredom at the whole thing. "Religion?" he seemed to say; "prayers? piety? Dear, dear, what absurdity!"

A boy whom I contemplated with mingled feelings, and who will, quite certainly, get on in the world.

The Fifteenth Amendment.

The following table, which we take from the New York Tribune, shows, approximately, the number of negroes who have been added to the voting population in each of the states named, by the Fifteenth Amendment:—

States.	Negro population.	New voters.
California	4,086	681
Connecticut	8,627	1,438
Delaware	21,627	3,604
Illinois	7,628	1,271
Indiana	11,428	1,805
Iowa	1,069	178
Kentucky	236,167	39,361
Maine	1,327	221
Maryland	171,131	28,522
Massachusetts	9,663	1,600
Michigan	6,799	1,333
Minnesota	253	93
New Hampshire	494	82
New Jersey	25,336	4,226
New York	49,065	8,167
Ohio	36,673	6,112
Oregon	128	21
Pennsylvania	56,849	9,475
Rhode Island	3,952	659
Vermont	709	118
Wisconsin	1,171	195

☞ The precise number of female attendants required to do the little "chores" of the Empress Eugenie is forty-three. This includes two mistresses of ceremonies, twelve ladies of honor, and six *femmes de chambre*. The Empress Josephine had twenty-three female attendants more. There are fifteen attendants of the Prince Imperial, exclusive of his young playmates, Conneau, Espinasse, etc.

POLE STAR—SILENCE:

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Webster says, "The Pole-Star is vertical, or nearly so, to the pole of the earth—the star is of great use to navigators." *Moore's* most beautiful "sacred melody" says:

—"The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea—
So dark as I roam through this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee."

The time once was when the great charm of Quaker worship was Silence; sitting in the presence of God; listening in quiet and silence to the "still small voice," which so eloquently speaks to the soul that will "hear, observe, and obey." The poet says:—

"So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee."

Mr. Editor, what think you is wanted, at this time, when the divided and distracting curse of learned strife, argument, and speculation: the wisdom of colleges, human presumption, is surging around us in corruption, and iniquity that threatens to engulph us? As the tempest-tossed mariner looks to the Pole-Star to guide him through the storm—do not we need the sure perfection which is so infinitely higher than man, to guide us? Amid the clamor and confusion of discordant human teachers, is there any hope but in the calm, quiet teaching, which through all this noise of human presumption is tenderly pleading for "all who labor and are heavy laden, to come, learn of Me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls?" That teaching is almost obsolete to-day. We scarcely give it a thought, though at the same time making great professions of reverence for the Perfect Teacher who was sent by Almighty God. Nominal "Christians," as well as the loud-mouthed professor—Pharisees—as a matter of course, praise the Holy Scriptures—it is the fashion, and it "pays" the hypocrite.

"But to the wicked God says, what hast thou to do to take My covenant into thy mouth, seeing thou hatest instruction and castest My Words behind thee? Consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver."—Psalm 50. "Cursed is man that trusteth in man," is Scripture; and so are the words. "Be still and know that I am God"—"See, I set before you life and good, and death and evil"—"a blessing if ye obey, and a curse if ye will not obey." The mistake in our day is, that these warnings are supposed to be for the olden times only, and not for us, as they most assuredly are. See how God is tearing us to pieces, just as He has said—look at the nations of Europe, as well as our own land. Is not the Almighty Law Giver pouring out His indignation? Had we not better make up our minds to hear, observe, and obey? "God is in Heaven, and thou upon earth, therefore let thy words be few." The pure and perfect Precepts of Jesus is what we need, and what we must receive, or perish. Meditate—"commune with your own heart and be still." "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep SILENCE before Him."

The American Navy.

For all our great expenditure during the war, it seems we really have nothing to show but some iron-clads that are only valuable to defend our ports, and are worth nothing to maintain our rights at sea. So says the Secretary of the Navy; and Washburne, of the Committee on Appropriations, recently said that our navy was the derision of Europe.

Mr. Hale, in a recent speech, compared the American navy with that of other nations. The British navy had a total of 719 vessels of all classes, with a tonnage of 600,000 tons, a proportionate tonnage to its commercial of one-eighth. The French navy consists of 430 vessels, including 50 armored ships. The Russian fleet in the Baltic alone consisted of 81 vessels, with a tonnage of 112,637, nearly double the force of the whole of the American fleet in all its squadrons. Spain had 128 vessels, and had now in the Cuban waters alone 61 vessels mounting 500 guns—five per cent. more of naval power than the United States could bring against her if all our squadrons were scooped together. Even Prussia, which had no naval outgrowth or ambition until recently, had a navy of 86 vessels, carrying 547 guns—twice the number of vessels, and one and a half times the number of guns of the American navy. Even little Denmark, a fifth-rate European power, on the verge of annihilation, had a navy of 33 vessels, carrying 400 guns.

Well, if we have not as big a navy, we have at least as big a debt as any of them. And we can pay as much money in taxes every year, even if we can show very little for the taxes, save a lot of bloated spiders, called office-holders and contractors.

☞ The Lancaster Intelligencer of Monday chronicles a singular case of religious hallucination. A young man, named Jacob Harnish, seventeen years of age, deliberately chopped off his leg with a hatchet, alleging that it was in accordance with the command—"If thy hand or foot offend thee, cut it off," etc. A surgeon was called, but all efforts to save him proved unavailing.

☞ A squire in Indianapolis married a couple last week, adapting the service to modern times by pronouncing them man and wife, "until separated by law."

☞ "Shoo, Fly" is now said to have originated years ago in the old custom of flying or shying shoes at the departure of newly-married couples.

☞ An eminent physician says that the white rubber used for nursing bottles and infants' toys is very poisonous, causing sore mouth, skin eruption, decayed teeth, spinal curvature, and death. In Europe the sale of it is prohibited by law.

☞ A work called "Modern Buddhism" says:—"Man, however many wives they have, and whatever their like or dislike to any of them, have no desire to kill them; but if women had more husbands than one, they would wish to kill all but the one they liked best; *for such is their nature.*"

☞ The Dutch woman kept a toll-gate. One foggy day a traveller asked, "Madam, how far is it to B———?" "Shoost a leetle ways," was the reply. "Yes, but how far?" again asked the traveller. "Shoost a *leetle* ways"—more emphatically. "Madam, is it *one, two, three, four,* or *five* miles?" The good woman ingenuously replied, "*I dinks it is!*"

☞ Emerson says:—"Our nineteenth century is the age of fools." There are no more fools, but they have greater power given them than formerly.

☞ John Bright no longer reads newspapers, and consequently is recovering his health.

☞ A Western philologist has discovered that the name of Omaha was derived from a very frequent Western exclamation with which that region was familiar in the Indian scalping days, namely—"Oh, my har!"

☞ The Boston Journal says: "A widow, who has followed successively three husbands to the grave, entered a well-known jewelry establishment in this city last Saturday, and producing the three silver plates which had once adorned the coffins of the dear departed, desired the astonished proprietor to have them 'made over into a butter-knife!'"

☞ Somebody in Keokuk, accusing Mrs. Stanton of blundering in her grammar, that remarkable woman replied thus: "That is nothing; we women have no hand in making these grammars. Ten to one they are all wrong."

☞ At the Fifteenth Amendment celebration in Louisville, a banner inscribed "God made us men," was borne by a wagon filled with women.

☞ "Can you return my love, my dearest Julia?" "Certainly, sir; I do not want it, I am sure."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—12,000 bbls sold at $4,80@4,75 for superfine; $4,75@5,25 for extra; $5,25@6 for Northwest extra family; $5,70@6,25 for Penna family. Rye Flour; 300 bbls sold at $5.

GRAIN—26,000 bus Western, Penna and Southern red sold at $1,24@1,28. Rye; 2000 bus Penna and Western at $1,16@1,16. Corn; 60,000 bus prime yellow sold at $1,10@1,00. Oats; 50,000 bus Penna, Western and Southern sold at 63@66c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $18@18,50. Mess Beef at $11@12 ₱ bbl. Beef Hams at $32@33 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Plain and fancy canvassed hams at 17@19c; Excelsior hams at 19c; sides at 16@16½c, and shoulders at 12½@12c. Green Meats—400 tcs pickled hams at 15½@16½c, and shoulders in salt at 11½c. Lard—500 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs at 17½c. Butter—Good roll at 25@32c. Cheese at 16@17c. Eggs sell at 20@22c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—800 bales middlings sold at 22@23½c for uplands and 24@24½c ₱ ₱ for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $27 ₱ ton.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $5@6 for Western and New York. Dried Peaches and Apples: Apples at 6@12c, and Peaches at 9@9½c for quarters, 10½@11c for halves, and 17@25c for pared. Blackberries, at 18c. Cranberries $20@21 ₱ bbl.

FEATHERS—Prime Western 75@80c ₱ ₱.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 ₱s, $1,50@1,65; Mixed do $1,40@1,45; Straw $1,40@1,50.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 15@25c, and Wisconsin at 15@22c ₱ ₱.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is rather more doing; 2700 tons of foundry sold at $33 for No. 1; and $21 ₱ ton for No. 2. Bar Iron is quoted at $75@77 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Sales of 600 bus Cloverseed at $9@9,50. 500 bus of Timothy at $7,25@7,50. Flaxseed at $4,25 ₱ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 10@10½ cts ₱ ₱. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₱ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 7½@9c ₱ ₱. 2800 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 14,00 ₱ 100 ₱s.

Any person desiring work as agent, by addressing at once E. THOMPSON, Hoboken, N. J., will learn of something that will net them from $18 to $30 a week. mar26-2m

The *Doty Washing Machine* is, in our opinion, not equalled by any rival now before the public. Its strong points are cheapness, simplicity of construction, ease of operation, durability, and working on the falling mill principle, i. e., squeezing and not rubbing, there is considerable less wear and tear of garments than in the old-fashioned system of washboard and knuckles. In fact, we question if the saving thus secured would not be sufficient, even in a small family, to pay the cost of a Doty in the space of a single season.—*N. Y. World*, March 30, 1870.

Valuable and Reliable.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will be found invaluable to those exposed to sudden changes, affording prompt relief in cases of coughs, colds, etc. For public speakers and singers, and those who over-tax the voice, they are useful in relieving an irritated throat, and will render articulation easy. As there are imitations, be sure to obtain the genuine.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine which has been in constant use for over eight years without costing one dollar for repairs. It has done all my family sewing from the finest cambric to the heaviest jeans. I take pleasure in recommending it as the very best sewing machine for family use."—*Mrs. Jane Cox, Asella, Ind.*

☞ MESSRS. WANAMAKER & BROWN, of this city, claim to have the largest clothing house in America. Even New York, they say, cannot boast of an establishment like Oak Hall. We have purchased clothing there repeatedly, and been well suited as to cut and price. ap30-tf

The Rice Divorce Suit for fraud in age, is causing great excitement in Boston. It should warn young men not to marry in haste. Rice is but 22, his bride 37. He swears that she made him believe she was but his own age, by using Magnolia Balm upon her face, neck and hands. Poor youth. He probably found her elbows weren't quite so soft and pretty. Ought Hagan to be indicted? We know of many similar cases. This Balm gives a most wonderful pearly and natural complexion, to which we don't object. We like pretty women. To finish the picture, they should use Lyon's Kathairon upon the hair. With pearly chin, rosy cheeks, and soft, luxuriant tresses, they become irresistible. ap9 1m

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap2-3m

☞ **Crompton's Imperial** $1
LAUNDRY SOAP
Is *the* best.
Manufactory 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutger's Place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson Street.
Office, 54 Front Street, New York. ☜ $1
ap2-3m

Tetter, Itch, Itch, Scratch, Scratch.

"*Swayne's All-Healing Ointment*," after an experience of many years has proved to be a sovereign remedy for all skin diseases, Tetter, Salt, Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Blotches, Barbers' Itch, obstinate or Scaly Eruptions, Ringworm, Itching Piles, &c. No case so obstinate of long standing it will not cure. Ask for "Swayne's Ointment." Use no other.

Sold by dealers Everywhere. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail, to any address for 50 cents, postage paid. Letters asking advice, will be promptly and gratuitously answered. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, 130 North 6th St., Philadelphia. ap2-eowtf

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains NO LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. ap16-3m

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of waste, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

"Children's Lives Saved for 50 Cents."

Thousands of children die annually of croup. Now, mothers, if you would spend 50 cents, and always have a bottle of *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment* in the house, you never need fear losing your little one when attacked with this complaint. It is now 24 years since I have put up my Liniment, and never heard of a child dying of croup when my Liniment was used; but hundreds of cures have been reported to me, and many state if it was $10 per bottle they would not be without it. Besides which, it is a certain cure for cuts, burns, headache, toothache, sore throat, swellings, mumps, colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, spasms, old sores and pains in the limbs, back, and chest. No one once tries it who is ever without it. It is warranted perfectly safe to take internally. Full directions with every bottle.

Sold by the druggists and storekeepers in the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. ap2 3t

Occupations Ailments.

Fresh, pure air is a vitalizing elixir. Whoever is debarred by circumstances from unrestricted access to this invisible, but powerful stimulant, needs a medicinal invigorant of some kind. The great object should be to choose the best. Popularity is a pretty good guarantee of merit in this scrutinizing and intelligent age, and tried by this criterion HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS stands first among the invigorating and regulating medicines of the present day. To the wants of persons engaged in indoor employments, especially in crowded factories where even with the best possible ventilation the atmosphere is always in some degree polluted, this salubrious vegetable tonic is peculiarly adapted. The nature of the ingredients is no mystery. It consists of an absolutely pure diffusive stimulant, tinctured—or rather surcharged—with the fluid extracts of sanatous roots and barks and herbs. The pharmacopœia has its tinctures, but what are they? The juice of only a single root or bark or plant is present in each. Not one of them combines the three properties of a tonic, an alterative, and an aperient. All these elements are blended in the Bitters; nor are these the sum of its medicinal recommendations. It is also a blood depurent and an antispasmodic.

The baleful effect which air that has been partially exhausted of its oxygen by frequent breathing produces on the vital organization, is notorious, and when to this devitalized atmosphere is superadded the mephitic vapor of hot air furnaces, it becomes deleterious and depressing in the extreme. To enable the system to bear up, even for a few hours each day against the debilitating influence of a vitiated atmosphere, a wholesome tonic and alterative is urgently required. This grand desideratum is supplied in Hostetter's Bitters, which as a strength-sustaining, health-protecting agent has no rival either among officinal or advertised medicines. ap2-5t

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 115 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUS & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. HARRY JONES to Miss MARY C. KEIARR, both of this city.

On the 19th of Jan., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM F. ALBRIGHT to Miss ELIZA PAUL, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. William Cathcart, Mr. THEODORE W. MARTIN to Miss MARY A. SNYDER, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. HENRY C. O'DONNELL to Miss LOUISA KNIPE, both of this city.

On the 20th of March, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. HENRY F. WISEMAN to Mrs. REBECCA WINCHEL, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, GEORGE W. ETTER to Miss EMMA BITTER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, at St. Joseph, Missouri, CHARLES B. NOTSON, son of Dr. Wm. and Mary M. Notson, of this city, in his 30th year.

On the 19th instant, MRS. MARGARET HAYWOOD, in her 37th year.

On the 15th instant, FREDERICK W. GROSS, in his 32d year.

On the 17th instant, SARAH A. PERKINS, in her 54th year.

On the 16th instant, CHARLES H. STILES, in his 22d year.

On the 17th instant, WILLIAM KNOWLES, in his 66th year.

On the 16th instant, EDWIN BAILEY, in his 44th year.

On the 13th instant, JOHN D. HEMPHILL, in his 24th year.

FITS! FITS! FITS!
FITS! FITS! FITS!
Cure of Epilepsy or Falling Fits
BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1862. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 8th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 826 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PANOLA Co., MISS., Oct. 20, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My eldest son, Fred, was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1865, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenada, of your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. F. SIMMONS.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS

By Hance's Epileptic Pills.

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.

To SETH S. HANCE—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal wagoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial. B. L. DE FREESE.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, MISS., June 5 1865
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Lyon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. P. LYON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?

The Subjoined Will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 20.

SETH S. HANCE—DEAR SIR—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GOY.

Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CABIN POINT, Surry County, Va.

DR. SETH S. HANCE:—I was in Baltimore in April, 1864, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours, respectfully,
M. P. SLEDGE.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

DURANT'S NECK, Perquimans Co., N. C., Oct. 1st,

S. S. HANCE—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first-rate article; and since I have used them I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health. I am, very respectfully, yours, &c., JONATHAN J. JACONS.

P. S.—The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. feb19-12t

PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Noveiet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

How Glass Paper-Weights are Made.

Every one knows these paper weights of solid colorless glass in a hemispherical shape, in the centre of which are bouquets, portraits, and even watches and barometers, etc., etc., but few persons know how or by what means these things are incarcerated in the centre of the glass.

There is a great distinction to be made, not merely between the objects, but also between the materials of which they are composed.

As those representing flowers and bouquets in glass—those from which the name is derived—are the most ancient and the best known, we will begin with them.

The first thing to be done is to sort and arrange a certain quantity of small glass tubes of different colors in the cavities of a thick molten disc, disposing them according to the object to be represented. This done, the tubes are enclosed between two layers of glass: to do this they begin by placing on one side of the disc which contains the tubes a layer of crystal, to which the tubes soon become attached. When this is done the disc is removed and a second layer of crystal is placed on the opposite side.

The object being placed in the centre between these two layers of glass thus soldered together, it becomes necessary to give the ball its hemispherical form, which is done when the crystal is again heated, by means of a concave spatula of moistened wood. It then only remains to anneal it and to polish it on the wheel.

That a glass ornament, being covered with a layer of hot glass, should receive no injury or change of color, may be easily understood from its extremely refractory nature; but it is not the same with objects in metal, such as watches, barometers, etc., which a far less degree of heat would oxidize or even entirely destroy. The mode of manufacture, therefore, of these latter objects is quite different from that of the first. It is easy to prove this. If we look at a paper weight, provided the interior be of glass, the upper and under part of the recipient will be also of glass. If we now examine a paper weight containing a watch or barometer, under the lower part of the ball will be found a piece of green cloth, the use of which is to keep in place the objects which, instead of only forming one body with the covering of glass which surrounds them, are only placed in a cavity made beforehand in the centre of the half-spherical ball. In a word, to take out the glass ornaments it would be necessary to break the paper weight, whilst to take out the others it would suffice to take off the cloth.

As for the paper weights in which are placed portraits, usually of a yellowish color, these profiles are made of refractory earth, and may thus bear well a heat which only softens glass.

Manufactured successively at Venice, under the name of millefiori, and then in Bohemia, these paper weights have been carried to perfection only by French artists.

The sole difficulty in their manufacture is in avoiding internal air-bubbles, which would the more deform the objects as any defect would be much increased by the thickness of the glass.—*From The Wonders of Glass-Making, just published in Charles Scribner & Co.'s Illustrated Library of Wonders.*

Demoniacal Possessions.

James Freeman Clarke declares his belief in the reality of demoniacal possessions, and that they exist at the present day in the form of modern spiritualism. We find the following extract in the Christian Leader:—"I have myself known, personally or by credible testimony, of at least half a dozen instances of persons, who, after having allowed themselves to become spiritual mediums, seem at last to have been taken possession of by a low and unclean order of spirits. And the best way of rescuing them when they were too far gone to help themselves, was to have some other person possessing greater spiritual force to do what Jesus did, namely, *order the spirit to go away.* I believe that in certain places and periods the nervous condition of men is such that the lower order of ghosts may get a control over them, and that when Jesus came it was just such a time and place as this."

LEAH.

One star drops, glittering, where dusk meadows lie—
A jewel on the twilight's rosy hand.
Great peace is over all the dreamy land;
Clear loom the palms against the purple sky.

Faint gleam the mellow lamp-rays, falling there,
Through yonder tent's dim tapestries. I know
What mingled voices murmurously flow
Hither across the quiet, dewy air!

For now no more the garments of his toil
Array him, but soft linens cool and white;
On cushioned purple doth he rest, in light
Of costly cresscts fed with fragrant oil.

His regal, massive-bearded face that shows
Anger so sternly well, is wearing now
Love's tenderest smile; beneath his high, firm brow
Love's tenderest look, deep, dark, and lustrous, glows.

And all the grand-limbed majesty and power
Of his heroic stature fallen supine,
Even as the day's full gloriousness doth shine,
Beam-lavishing, upon some frail-stemmed flower.

So shines his peerless manhood upon her,
The woman whose dear, daily joy it is
To gird him with her beauteous arms, and kiss
The willing lips of her strong worshipper.

And I that hunger for his love with hot,
Unrestful soul, aloof, alone must dwell.
Oh, Laban! Oh, my father! was it well
To bind thy bondsman where his heart went not?

Better we were not wed! than sharpest scorn
Sharper his dull, cold courtesy doth sting,
Holding my wifehood as a worthless thing,
Forgetful of the children I have borne!

His children—his and mine! She, barren, still,
That shapelier Rachel, winsome, gold-en-tressed,
Not having clasped his babe upon her breast,
Has never thrilled with love's divinest thrill!

My First Buffalo Hunt.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN TEXAS."

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

Whoever would now hunt the bison, or buffalo, as he is always named upon the plains, must seek him far west of the Mississippi. Formerly, the buffalo is said to have wandered over nearly all North America, though it is probable that the Atlantic states were too heavily timbered to be a favorite range with these prairie-loving animals. During the short northern summer they have occasionally been seen as far north as the Great Slave Lake; but as soon as the first chill of the terrible northern winter approaches they take the hint, and migrate for more genial latitudes, sometimes going as far south as Cohahuila; but their favorite winter range has always been the ever-sunny prairies of North-western Texas.

Before the introduction of the horse, the Indians were obliged to stalk the buffalo, and shoot it with their arrows, or else "stampede" the herd, and drive it over the bluff bank of some precipice, where they tumbled down pell-mell to the bottom of the *canon*, when the red men came up, and, vulture-like, gorged themselves upon the flesh as long as it remained good. Since the introduction of the horse, however, the prairie tribes are all mounted, and the "drive" has given place to the "run;" nor could a fairer field be found for this sport than are those seas of grass upon which the buffalo is found.

Sometimes the prairie-hunter finds himself upon a flat prairie, where he can command a view for ten or fifteen miles in any direction from the centre of the circle he occupies; at another time, when upon a "rolling" prairie, he cannot see further than a mile or two, and it is necessary to spend some time upon it ere he can conceive its extent.

When first seen, the buffalo presents a very strange appearance, the smooth hind-quarters reminding you of the familiar farm-yard cattle, whilst the great shoulder-hump, the shaggy fore-quarters, and the savage beards and manes upon the bulls give them a ferocious as well as a comical look.

Their motions are not less singular than their appearance. With their tails stuck up right on end, and shaking their shaggy manes, they rush off with a roll in their gallop which is apt to deceive the spectator as to the real pace they are going at, whilst the earth shakes as they thunder over it.

In running buffalo the white man uses generally a smooth-bore, as the bullets, which may be carried in the mouth, can be dropped down upon the powder without its being necessary to use a ramrod, the moisture upon the bullet causing the powder to adhere to it, which is quite sufficient to hold the bullet in its place for the moment or two it is required, as during the run the gun is carried muzzle in air, and is only thrown down against the animal at the moment it is discharged. Of late years Colt's heavy six-shooters have been much used, as the cylinder, when emptied of its charges, can be instantly replaced by a loaded one.

Among the Indians the bow is almost universally used; for, although some possess fire-arms, they are not so expert in their use as they are with their ancient weapons. The Indian bow is a short weapon, rarely being more than thirty inches in length; so that they can readily use it on horseback. The bow is generally made of cedar or *bois d' arc*, and these are stiffened and strengthened by having sinews glued to the back the entire length; the strings are twisted sinews, generally deer's; and the arrows are as various as the owners, some being made of dog-wood, others of cane, etc., whilst all are tipped with flint or iron. Thus armed, an Indian warrior will drive his arrow clean through the largest bison bull where a bullet from a rifle would have flattened ere it had gone half the distance.

The rifle, the deadly weapon of the back-woodsman when pursuing deer, bear, or turkeys in the woods, is comparatively worthless in a buffalo run; it consumes too much time in loading; the tightly-patched bullet requires too much force to send it home; and, during the time so occupied, the Indian would discharge half a dozen arrows, and a hunter armed with a Colt would fire as many shots. Unwieldy as the buffalo appears, he is, nevertheless, very quick in his motions, and very shy and wary; if he sees or scents a human being, he takes to sudden and rapid flight.

An Indian warrior and his steed, when stripped for a buffalo run, would form a subject for an artist. A single feather floats from the chivalrous scalp-lock, his quiver of arrows is slung across his back, and his powerful, elastic bow is in his hand; all else is naked to the waist-belt; below, his legs are encased in their fringed leggings, the fringes being the scalp-locks of his slain foes. His fiery wild horse, with gleaming eye peeping through a mane that hangs in heavy masses over his broad forehead and floats in long waves from ears to shoulder, paws the ground impatiently, and he arches his neck as he scents the game he is about to pursue. Then let the warrior spring to the back of his steed and dash off—wild horse and wild rider—and you see a representation of the living centaur, a mass of moving health and life that no painter could hope to transfer to his canvas.

Imagine, then, instead of one warrior, a hundred, all stripped ready for the run, all well mounted on their trained buffalo horses, all dashing in eager rivalry upon the brown masses of the buffalo, who, wild with terror at the yells of their pursuers, are flying over the prairie, whilst, with inflated nostrils, distended eyes, and swelling muscles, the tawny warriors thunder in the rear, each stride of their mustangs bringing them upon better terms with their victims, as each selects his game, and, placing his arrow on the string, bends the stout bow till its extremities almost meet. Then, loosing the arrow, he sends it through hide and muscle, flesh and fat, till the huge animal, stumbling on a few paces, curls up his tail in the air, and falling to his knees, dies. A long quavering shout tells of success, and the "brave" urges on his fleet little horse after another. If proper skill has been exhibited, each arrow has brought a huge carcass down, whilst some peculiarity in the make or staining of the shaft points out whose hand twanged the bow. After the run is over, the arrows are handed to their owners by the squaws, who follow to do the work of butchery; and, if more than one arrow has been used, or if any have been carried off by wounded animals, the unskilful hunter is taunted and laughed at by the squaws, and he is glad to hide himself until, upon some happier occasion, he shall have retrieved his character as a hunter.

The squaws, I have said, follow the hunters: theirs is the task to skin, to select the choice pieces for immediate consumption, and to dry and preserve that which is not at once devoured. At the feast which follows the savage gluts himself with the choicest parts of the game, and his time is spent in wasteful indulgence until all his provisions are expended, when the scene is repeated; for animal life is abundant on the prairies, and a brisk gallop supplies his necessities.

It was in Northern Texas, where the whole year round is one continued spring, so delightful is the climate, that I had my first run at buffalo. With our guide, an old frontiersman, we numbered six in our party, and we rode gayly forward over the prairie in search of our mighty game. We had not far to go, and had not left our camp where we had passed the night two miles behind us, when we discovered a herd of buffalo feeding in the distance.

The blood, which with anticipation had coursed quickly through our veins, now at the sight seemed to boil, and our first impulse was to charge headlong at the herd. Our guide, who had killed buffalo ever since he could recollect, prevented this folly by pointing out to us that to charge at the distance we were, and with the wind, would only blow our horses for nothing; and we soon felt the force of what he said. Circling round the herd, then, so as to avoid giving them our wind, we approached them on one side until we were about half a mile distant, when the word was given to charge, and off we went at the top speed of our horses, and we got within four hundred yards ere we were detected.

For one instant they seemed undecided as to our character; the next, after giving a loud snort, they dashed off at their best pace; and our horses, which were all old buffalo-runners, if some of their riders were not, increased their speed, and seemed fully as anxious as their masters to overhaul the flying game. With their absurd little tails, absurd when compared with the animal's size, cocked straight up in the air, and running close together, the buffalo held their course, whilst we, thundering after, endeavored to single out a beast, range alongside, and then empty our gun into its side, behind or through the shoulder.

Repeated cracks of our fire-arms were heard in various directions, and, except in the line of our guide, who had brought down two animals, nothing was to be seen affected by our burning powder. Having got a bullet about half driven home, which at full gallop I was unable to force farther, whilst pulling up would only have thrown me out of the run altogether, I contented myself by watching the prowess of the guide, who at each discharge of his rifle sent down a buffalo in a cloud of dust upon the plain.

At last even he had had enough, and pulled up his now almost blown horse, when we did the same, and then I managed to finish loading my rifle. The guide gave a satisfied chuckle as he looked back at the dark masses which marked his line in the run, and which had so lately been full of life, and health, and power, whilst I felt very small at my want of success.

Gazing after the retreating herd, I noticed a large bull stop. It had either been wounded by my comrades, or perhaps I had given it the fatal ball. At any rate, I determined to give it the *coup de grace*, and, riding up, took a steady aim at the centre of its forehead. The ball flattened upon the matted mass of hair on the stout skull bone. Only a novice would have thus aimed at the head. In an instant the fierce beast was down upon me at full charge, and, had not my good little horse nimbly swerved aside, the rush would have cost us both dearly. Loading again, and taught by experience, I tried a more vulnerable part, and this time with success. Upon receiving this shot the bull fell heavily forward, a quiver or two shook the huge frame, then all was still, and the wild lord of the prairie was dead.

It was not a satisfactory hunt as far as I was individually concerned; but I took comfort from the thought that all things must have a beginning, even buffalo hunting.

I may add, for the sake of those readers who justly disapprove of the wanton destruction even of wild animals, that in my case the experience was not the pleasure of the mere sportsman, but it was part of the early training for the life of a professional hunter, which I followed for some years in TEXAS.

The Clothes-line Telegraph.

In the year 1863, when the Union army was encamped at Falmouth, and picketing the banks of the Rappahannock, the utmost tact and ingenuity were displayed by the scouts and videttes in gaining a knowledge of contemplated movements on either side, and here, as at various other times, the shrewdness of African camp attendants was very remarkable.

One circumstance in particular shows how quick the race are in learning the art of communicating by signals.

There came into the Union lines a negro from a farm on the other side of the river, known by the name of Dabney, who was found to possess a remarkably clear knowledge of the topography of the whole region; and he was employed as cook and body servant at headquarters. When he first saw our system of army telegraphs, the idea interested him intensely, and he begged the operators to explain the signs to him. They did so, and found that he could understand and remember the meaning of the various movements as well any of his brethren of paler hue.

Not long after, his wife, who had come with him, expressed a great anxiety to go over to the other side as servant to a "secesh woman," whom General Hooker was about sending over to her friends. The request was granted. Dabney's wife went across the Rappahannock, and in a few days was installed as laundress at the headquarters of a prominent rebel general. Dabney, her husband, on the north bank, was soon found to be wonderfully well informed as to all the rebel plans. Within an hour that a movement of any kind was projected, Hooker knew all about it. He knew which corps was moving, or about to move, in what direction, how long they had been on the march, and in what force; and all this knowledge came through Dabney, and his reports always turned out to be true.

Yet Dabney was never absent, and never talked with the scout, and seemed to be always taken up with his duties as cook and groom about head quarters.

How he obtained his information remained for some time a puzzle to the Union officers. At length, upon much solicitation, he unfolded his marvelous secret to one of the Union officers.

Taking him to a point where a clear view could be obtained of Fredericksburg, he pointed out a little cabin in the suburbs, near the river bank, and asked him if he saw that clothes-line with clothes hanging on it to dry. "Well," said he, "that clothes-line tells me in half an hour just what goes on at Lee's headquarters. You see my wife over there; she washes for the officers, and cooks and waits around, and as soon as she hears about any movement or anything going on, she comes down and moves the clothes on that line so that I can understand it in a minute. That gray shirt there is Longstreet; and when she takes it off, it means he's gone down about Richmond. That white shirt means Hill; and when she moves it up to the west end of the line, Hill's corps has moved up stream. That red one is Stonewall; he's down on the right now—and if he moves she will move that red shirt."

One morning Dabney came in, and reported a movement over there. "But," says he, "it don't amount to anything. They're just making believe."

An officer went out to look at the clothes-line telegraph through his field-glass. There had been quite a shifting over among the army flannels.

"But how do you know but there is something in it?"

"Do you see those two blankets pinned together at the bottom?" said Dabney.

"Yes—but what of it?" said the officer.

"Why, that's her way of making a fish-trap; and when she pins the clothes together that way, it means that Lee is only trying to draw us into his fish-trap."

As long as the two armies lay watching each other on opposite banks of the stream, Dabney, with his clothes-line telegraph, continued to be one of the promptest and most reliable of General Hooker's scouts.—*Frank Moore's Anecdotes.*

Cigars by Machinery.

The nimble finger and the dexterous hand have hitherto been held the only tools to wrap and shape tobacco leaves into the orthodox form of the cigar. But just as it was found that fingers were not the most economical manipulators of the sewing needle, so is it now dawning upon the fabricators of choice Havannas that human digits may be profitably superseded by mechanism for "bunching," "binding," and "wrapping" the cigars. Eighteen dollars a thousand is a long price to pay for mere labor; and we are told that that is about the cost of making prime cigars, to say nothing of the tax upon the master manufacturer inflicted by his hands, who each smoke some eight or ten of the best weeds per diem. No wonder machinery should be thought of! It is rather surprising its aid was not invoked long ago; but its time has come, and a cigar machine company has started with a flourish in New York. The implement they manufacture has been reduced to its present state of compactness and practicability by the combined agency of seven simplifying patents. Its essential parts are two pairs of parallel rollers, arranged one pair over the other, and with their surfaces hollowed to a concavity corresponding to the desired outline of the cigar to be formed. These rollers are set rotating by a little wheelwork, driven by a treadle, like a sewing machine; and when a bunch of tobacco leaf is placed between them it is rapidly turned and pressed into the proper spindle form. A strip of fine strong leaf is then gummed along one edge and inserted at one end of the machine; this is instantly coiled round the shaped mass of leaves and twisted to a point, and the cigar is finished. A girl, after proper training, can thus turn out fifteen hundred cigars a day. According to the above quoted cost for hand-making, there ought to be a saving of something like three shillings on a hundred. This is good news for smokers, at all events.

VIOLETS.

They were calling spring violets in the street
When I saw your picture over the way,
And your dark-blue eyes looked out, my sweet,
As blue as the heavens that April day.

They were calling violets fresh and blue
While your face looked out in its pictured calm,
And its beauty thrilled all my spirit through,
Like the first great chord in a swelling psalm.

The vagrant's call was loud and shrill,
And I saw but your picture, after all;
But I mix together in memory still
Those deep-blue eyes and that violet call.

Oh, dead are the flowers of years gone by,
And they've newer portraits over the way,
While you look up to a lovelier sky
Than the clear cold blue of that April day.

But the voices of women, how shrill so e'er
When they cry spring violets in the street,
Recall the gold gleam in your chestnut hair,
And the deep dark blue of your eyes, my sweet;

And the dear and deathless dream returns,
And the old, old prayer is breathed once more;
Again the old passionate fever burns,
And I feel the madness of days of yore.

Does the prayer of my life float on wind and wave
Till you hear it under those lovelier skies?—
That the violets may blossom above my grave
Ere their bloom fades out of those tender eyes. BABINGTON WHITE.

Cod-Liver Oil.

So many oils are sold under this title, differing widely in color, smell, and taste, that unless a particular kind of cod-liver oil is expressly ordered by one's doctor, the patient is almost as puzzled as if a *sewing-machine* was the object in view.

The qualities required in this admirable medicine are three, pureness, sweetness, and clearness; and one quality cannot be obtained without the other, as will be seen in the following description of the process, as conducted by one of the largest manufacturing chemists in England, that of Messrs. Bell & Co., Oxford street:

Cod-liver oil is principally procured from the liver of the common cod fish (*Gadus morrhua.*) As soon as the fish is opened, the livers are sent to the manufacturers', where they are carefully examined, and all diseased and "poor" livers rejected. They are thoroughly washed in several waters and cut open, and any faulty portions removed entirely. In choosing livers for this purpose, preference is given to the large full-looking livers, as containing a greater proportion of oil.

When completely cleansed, the cod-livers are placed in a pan, covered on the outside with a jacket, and heated carefully by means of steam at a temperature not exceeding 120 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature at which the oil is expressed is of great importance, for the lower the temperature to which the liver is submitted, the paler and sweeter in taste will be the oil, provided that the livers are quite fresh. As above stated, they should be less than a day old.

The whole time the livers are subjected to heat they are stirred with a wooden stirrer. As the oil rises it is collected and strained, and placed in large jars in a cool place until the *stearine* is separated. This separation is due to the component parts of oil being olline and stearine—the olline is the oil *par et simple*, the stearine is the grosser matter, which is used for candle-making, &c. When the large jars of cod-liver oil are required for use, the contents are filtered through a strainer shaped like a jelly-bag, placed in an air-tight receptacle. When thus filtered the oil is clear, colorless, and perfectly sweet to the taste and smell. It is really *pure* cod-liver oil, and it is then drawn off into bottles for sale.

On the coasts of Newfoundland and Norway cod is caught in large quantities, over thirty millions of cod-fish being annually caught, dried, and salted, for the various markets. The livers of these fish are collected in barrels and converted into oil when brought to shore; but as it often occurs that days, and even weeks, elapse before the oil-making process is begun, the livers are tainted, and give to the oil a light brown color and a disagreeable odor.

Formerly the cod-liver oil of commerce was obtained by the crude process of fermentation or putrefaction, the livers being thrown into barrels and allowed to decompose. As the oil rose to the surface it was collected. When thus obtained it is of a brown color, and has a most repulsive taste and smell. It will be seen from these remarks that the brown and light-brown color of this oil, as well as its offensive odor and taste, is caused by the decomposition of the cellular tissue of the liver, and from the action of the air upon the oil. The oil, as contained in the cells of the fresh liver, is nearly colorless, and may be obtained in an equally pure state by the process above described.

The value of this medicine for children and invalids cannot be computed, and the necessity for a tasteless and perfectly pure oil has induced us to apply to Messrs. Bell & Co. for a description of the process. Our thanks are most justly due to these eminent chemists, who with the utmost courtesy, explained the entire process, from the selection of liver to the filtering.

A VENERABLE OLD AGE.—The following, from one who was *there*, is vouched for by him—that is, that the old lady made the reply given here, not that she was *quite* as old as she claimed: When the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry entered the town of Dawson, Georgia, in the spring of 1865, among those who welcomed them was a negro woman whose appearance denoted extreme old age. Impelled by curiosity, one of the "boys" rode up to her and asked, "How old are you, auntie?" "Well, chile," she replied, "I don't 'zactly know *how* old I is, but I was here when C'lumbus come!"

☞ "What is the *size* of this place?" gravely asked a New Yorker of the conductor, just after the brakesman had sung out O-pe-li-ka at a southern station where not a house was visible among the pines except a rambling shed called an "eating saloon." "It's about as big as New York," was the ready answer, "*but it isn't built up yet.*"

WAKEN, DAISIES!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY KITTIE K. C. FILER.

King Winter has reigned so long, so long,
Through months so dark and dreary;
I tire of snowing, of beating and blowing,
Of winds a-sobbing and weary.
——O Daisy! Daisy, waken!
O Buttercups of green and gold
Leap from slumbers long and cold,
Shake off the shrouding, clinging mold.
——Earth seems so flower-forsaken!

The blue-bird is singing merrily
O'er all the barren upland leas,
And south-winds hasten like hints o' the summer,
From over the wide blue seas.
So waken, waken, daisy!
O Violet, thou woodland pride
Of modesty, blow, blow beside
The paths I tread at even-tide,
In forest windings mazy.

O winter, he was so bleak and dark,
The poet's soul was weary, weary;
But now that April is heralding May,
His life and his heart are cheery.
O Daisy bright, awaken!
My dear love slumbers in the mold,
And when I see the earth unfold
To light your buried germs, the old
Sweet promises of life I hold,
Our dead are not forsaken.

I dream of the shining summer leas,
Where nod the sunlit grasses,
Of scarlet roses a-flaunting and flaming
O'er crags in clustering masses.
And waking cry, with pleading,
"O Daisy hidden 'neath the sod,
O Violet in the woodland clod,
O Buttercup, O Golden rod,
Arise with joyful speeding!"

And April is here—sad child of tears!
Unlocking lake and rill and river,
That flutter away on their foamy wings,
With many a gleesome quiver.
Then flowers—Daisies, waken!
Arise! and greet the coming time
Of summer sweet, in floral rhyme,
Whose meaning heart and soul divine
In page of petal, leaf, and vine.
Earth no more flower-forsaken!

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIGHTING FATE.

Warren Thorndike's taunts filled his wife's soul with some wild resolves. She was not tempted to fly to the man who admired her, for she had discovered a fatal lack in him as well. Flying elsewhere had crossed her mind.

She came down to breakfast in the plainest cambric dress that she could find, and her lovely curls put out of sight. It was a May morning, clear and balmy. Birds were singing, and great wafts of apple blossoms filled the quivering air.

"Rachel," she said, when her father and Mr. Thorndike had gone, "can I do anything to help you?"

Rachel started in grim surprise.

Old Hetty's place in the kitchen had been filled by a younger and stronger woman, and by degrees Rachel had given up much to her. Since she paid her for her time she expected to have the uttermost moment.

"No," she answered shortly.

"You think that I am good for nothing, let me try."

Rachel studied her in blank wonder. A fine lady with a slender figure, clear skin, and small white hands. What was she good for?

"There isn't more than enough work to keep Sarah busy. She's paid for doing it."

The tone was cold and discouraging.

"Would you like me to do any sewing?"

"No," and the elder turned stiffly away.

Lucy made her bed and put her two rooms in order. Then she stood by the window a long while.

"It is time to begin at gardening," she thought, and ran eagerly down stairs.

The door yard was in a painful state of precision. On each side of the path a square of grass, and at the fence edge some roses, old fashioned pinks, phlox, and the spear-like blades of blue flag. She liked soft, clinging vines, tender blossoms in bright colors or purest white. Where could she make a beginning?

"Rachel?" she called.

The elder came out with a striped handkerchief tied over her head.

"I'd like to have a flower garden since I'm going to stay here for the summer. Suppose we raise a mound in the centre of the grass?"

"Tear up the grass?" Rachel's leaden eyes fairly sparkled.

"Yes. I'd promise to keep it in order. It would look so pretty. And I like rare, lovely things."

What had come over Lucy? For a moment Rachel's power was shaken to its very foundation.

"I believe that *I* am mistress here," she said sharply. "Not one inch of the grass comes up for your nonsense. It's always been good enough for me."

Lucy longed to blaze up in defiant anger. She prayed to be able to keep the resolve of that morning.

"Can't I have some little spot?" and her tones would have sounded heart-broken to any other ears.

"I can attend to this myself. The flowers are just as *I* like them."

Then Rachel went in. Lucy shed some bitter tears, and presently found her way around to the rear yard. Everything was in scrupulous order. The brick pavement had been scrubbed late the day before, there was the grass for bleaching, the fruit trees, and a small vegetable garden beyond, whose beds had been already laid out. Not a corner for her.

She knew of old that Rachel could not bear the least interference. For her to insist would be to make open war. She had been ruled with a heavy hand in a good many things since she had been Warren Thorndike's wife, indulgent as he might seem at times. She must give up and become a nonentity, no other course was before her.

With a swelling heart she returned to her room. A box of mignonette was just beginning to blossom at the window. She buried her face in it and kissed its soft leaves with a passion of tenderness. It could not refuse her love.

Oh, what *was* she to do. Life was becoming so vapid and useless. It seemed to her as if her brain was turning to stone, save for the occasional keen pang. There lay her portfolio of drawings—what did it avail? Here her books, her embroidery—the many trifles with which happy women made bright their days. No one smiled to see her dainty fingers busy, to hear her low, flexible voice giving reality to the loves, passions, trials and tenderness of others. And she was so eminently formed for affection and the finer graces of life. Oh, how dreary!

A new thought came into her mind after awhile. She put on her hat and light walking jacket, and set forth. No pleasant ramble to the woods was this to be.

Turning into a common street where there were some cheap, pretentious houses, she stopped at one, and pulled the bell. A frowsy-headed woman in a very dirty wrapper answered the summons.

"The land sakes! It ain't you, Mrs. Thorndike!" and she stood a moment to consider whether she would ask her into the untidy parlor.

"I ain't had time to get cleared up this morning," she said apologetically, her face flushing a dull red.

"Oh, no matter. My call is rather unseasonable, I know, but it is on business, and that must be my excuse."

"You'll come in?" rather unwillingly.

It was not a promising commencement, but Lucy Thorndike's courage carried her through.

"You remember, Mrs. Howell, that you were discussing your children's music at the Dorcas meeting. I thought you seemed quite anxious that the two younger ones should learn."

Lucy hardly dared look at the disorder and shabby pretension around her as she thus spoke.

"Yes, only Howell, he thinks it costs so much. I'm sure he *could* afford it, but he says let 'em wait until Araminta gets big enough to teach 'em. We pay fifteen dollars a quarter for her. It would be a good deal for the three, and I always say come what will I shan't send my children to no *d*estrict school. So Howell he scolds about bills."

Mrs. Howell thrust her hair out of her eyes.

"Since I've been boarding time has seemed to hang heavy on my hands," began Lucy, her refined voice contrasting strongly with the other's. "I think I'd like to try a few music scholars. I will take both of your little girls for ten dollars."

It was all said, but Lucy felt as if she had been begging. A delicate flush stole into the fair face.

"You don't say, Mrs. Thorndike! Land, if you had all my work to do! That's only five dollars apiece. Minta's quarter ends next week, and now if you'd only take the three I'm sure I'll be a world obleeged."

The dull eyes sharpened at the prospect of driving so good a bargain.

"I'll take the three," Lucy said, choking down pride and disgust.

"Everybody has their ups and downs, I s'pose. Howell says there wasn't near so much loss as they thought for last fall."

Lucy comprehended the ambigious sentence.

"Mr. Thorndike will retrieve all his past misfortunes," she replied, rather proudly.

"When will the children begin?"

"Any time you choose."

"Two lessons a week?"

"Yes. The two little ones can come on one afternoon—and Araminta alone.

"Very well, I'll send the chilren to-morrow; but I guess we won't call it a fair start until Monday. They're all powerful fond of music, and will be easy to teach."

Lucy smiled and nodded acquiescently, but her heart was heavy. To ask a favor of this ill-bred, self-important woman appeared an actual disgrace.

"But they shall never taunt me again with indolence!" she said to herself, clinching her small hand. "And I should die to go on with this life!"

She had given up most of her fashionable friends, since she found they were so distasteful to her husband; but she felt that she must have some interest, even if it were only that of labor.

The "children" came, according to promise. Ten and twelve years of age, chubby, dull-eyed, and freckled; dressed in a variety of colors, outraging every law of harmony. They were wild and rude, quite unmanageable indeed, and their love of music consisted in fondness for noise, the banging of half a dozen keys at once.

Every moment of the two hours was martyrdom. She wondered seriously whether her piano would stand these rude assaults, and began to entertain a great misgiving about the success of her undertaking. She resolved not to say one word, though she fancied Rachel must soon suspect.

The ensuing Monday brought Araminta, who was fourteen, and extremely consequential. Whenever Lucy corrected her, she exclaimed—"Miss Collins said I must always do this way," and with that, the pupil settled the teacher. She was self-willed, assured, and knew absolutely nothing.

Lucy sighed in despair. Three months of this! It was much harder than she had imagined. Presently she might find some more agreeable pupils and discharge these.

Her efforts were brought to a sudden and ignoble end. That Mrs. Howell would let such a grand subject for gossip slip, was not to be imagined. She left her housework and her baby to spread the news far and wide. Mrs. Thorndike taking music scholars!

The story grew, each one adding her mite. Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike were unhappy, they quarreled incessantly—he had refused to support her, and she had threatened to leave him, but Mr. Garth insisted upon her remaining under his roof. She was idle, ill-tempered, and extravagant, she had ruined her husband, and was actually compelled to teach music!

When these floating fragments reached Mr. Thorndike, his brow grew purple with rage. Rachel had complained of her bringing in the neighboring children, but that his wife should dare give such cause for scandal about *him*, was not to be borne a moment. He flew home in a passion, and burst into her room in the mood of a madman.

"Madam, I want to know if it is true, that you have taken those beggarly brats of Howell's into this house and expect to teach them music?"

"And if I have," she said, "what then? You have taunted me with an idle, useless life—you have questioned the least penny spent for pleasure; and what if I do choose to have something of my own?"

"Not while you are my wife?" He brought his clinched hand down on the table with such force that it shivered the delicate china vase with its one luscious carnation. "Not while you are my wife! Have I ever refused to support you? And the town rings from one end to the other with the base lie—that Warren Thorndike's wife is compelled to work for her daily bread. This is your doing. You want me to be sneered at, despised!"

"Warren, listen," she exclaimed, in affright. "I said no such word. I told Mrs. Howell that the time hung heavy on my hands, and made no further explanations. But you have taunted me—you can't deny that! You have refused me money, for a book or a flower—you have sneered at my white hands, my delicacy. I begged Rachel to let me help her, but she would not; and then I resolved to do something for myself."

"And set the whole town gossipping! Well, I won't have it—do you hear that? Let one of that crew darken these doors again at your peril!"

"Oh, Warren, what shall I do? Why did you marry me?"

She clasped her hands in pitiful supplication, and her whole frame quivered with pain.

"Because I was a fool! But if I have a helpless, useless wife, she shall not make me a laughing stock for the town. This very day you'll send over to tell those beggars that Warren Thorndike can earn bread for his own wife; and if she doesn't choose to eat that, she may starve!"

He gave a coarse, scornful laugh. It seemed to her at one moment, as if she could almost murder him for his cruel insolence—and then she trembled to think that he was indeed her master.

"Oh," she said, with a dry, torturing sob," why do you hate me, and make me miserable? What can I do? If I were only dead!"

"A sensible enough wish—but people don't die so easily. Come, put on your hat and go finish this smart business. Next time you'll be likely to ask my advice."

"Not now. Let me write a note. It will do quite as well."

"Come along," he said, coarsely, "I want to see that the thing is done."

It was in vain for her to entreat. Every word exasperated him fearfully. She did have one strong impulse to defy him—but his rough, brute strength and force, awed her.

She walked down the street beside him with a sinking heart. If Mrs. Howell had distorted the other simple matter, what capital would she not make of this?

To her dying day, Lucy could not be grateful enough that Mrs. Howell was not at home. Ten years old Bessy was nursing the white-headed baby, and stared at a message that she could not understand.

Lucy crept home laggingly. It seemed as if her strength would fail at every step. Once there, she threw herself upon the bed and wept softly, drearily. She was too sad and worn even for passion.

This had occurred at mid-afternoon. Warren Thorndike took a drive out to the mine to cool his temper—and by supper time, had come back to some of his usual stolidity.

Sarah was sent to see why Lucy did not come to supper as usual.

"She's feverish and complains of a headache, and she looks like a ghost, 'cepting the red spot in her cheeks," was Jane's comment.

"Won't she have a cup of tea?" asked Mr. Thorndike. He almost wished that he had not been quite so hard with her. Her father and sister had warned him, and now he was reaping the fruit of his folly.

"No, she won't have anything. She said don't disturb her."

Rachel went up to see her afterward. She neglected no duty, small or great, but Lucy was in that nervous state where every sound was like rasping a painful wound.

"Go away," she begged. "Only leave me alone!"

Mr. Garth took his hat and went out. Mr. Thorndike settled himself by the open window and tilted back in his chair. Rachel sent the tea things away, and as it was not dark, took up her sewing.

Three years had not improved her any, but Warren Thorndike looked upon her with different eyes. He would have said with Edmund Spangler, "there was no nonsense about her." No flowers in her hair, no flummery at her throat, but just a plain linen collar, no flounces or furbelows. She never had headaches or nerves, never wasted her time over novels, could cook, bake, make almost any garment, and had a sharp eye for any neglect or carelessness on the part of inferiors. Then such a clear head as hers was! She was as good as Marchmont for going over the books, and she had pointed out little leaks that he had never dreamed were of any importance.

Warren Thorndike had never been romantic. He looked upon his wild fever for Lucy as the greatest folly of his life. A woman like this was what he needed. He cared nothing for delicate surroundings and refined amusements. Much of the past had been a positive bore to him.

And with the unreasonableness of a dwarfed and narrow nature he laid the whole blame upon Lucy. She had in some sort inveigled him into marriage. She had persuaded him that the great Cunningham place was necessary to their happiness. She had filled the house with grand people, made costly entertainments necessary, and half ruined him. And now she was dissatisfied, a helpless burthen. If he *had* been wise and married Rachel. Youth and beauty were nothing, after all. With Rachel's thrift and carefulness he would never have been unfortunate.

He went a little further still. Were Lucy to die, of course he would marry Rachel. His thoughts followed coarse, straight-forward channels. The man was not as base at heart as hundreds of others. He could have lived here twenty years and never have experienced a tender longing to clasp Rachel to his heart or electrify her pale lips with a kiss. The brief fever heat had burned out with Lucy. He would not even have a temptation to waver from the strict letter of the law. And yet he would have made slight lamentation had freedom come to him that very night.

But Lucy did not die. She felt very weak and miserable. A crumb of sympathy from old Hetty would have been like a ray of heaven to her. Rachel brought her tea and toast until she was well enough to come down stairs, and Mr. Thorndike considered his duty completed by looking at her every morning and asking her how she felt.

She was very wan and pale when she joined the family circle. Her eyes seemed larger and darker than ever, and there was a hunted, wistful look in them. Once she asked Warren to let her go to the little sea-side town where she had spent the preceding summer.

He consulted Rachel. He had fallen into the habit of going to her for counsel on every subject.

"What nonsense," she said sharply. "I've never had to go to the sea-side for my health!"

He made some weak excuse, and Lucy gave up listlessly. After all, it mattered very little. Perhaps it was better not to try to live.

Her sad face might have given some color to the story that she was not well treated. People did surmise a little, but human nature is so apt to lean on the prosperous side. Others besides himself began to think that Mr. Thorndike might have married more wisely. There was a good-natured hilarity about him that rendered him a favorite with those who did not demand the high types of refinement. And now that he was likely to be fortunate, he was not to be overlooked nor despised.

CHAPTER XIX.

DESPERATION.

Late one July afternoon, Lucy Thorndike was rambling in the woods at the river's edge, a favorite haunt of hers. There had been rain the day before, and every leaf was crisp and green, the mosses soft, the stones clean and gray, and the slow tide fretted idly along in musical murmuring.

She was thinking of Paul Rutherford. In the hurry and excitement his business interests had been sadly neglected, she well knew. His lawyer had come up to Dedham and instituted one or two suits, and there the matter languished.

She wondered what he would say were he to see her now! She had failed in everything—no one could realize it more bitterly than she. Like that piece of driftwood caught by one wave in play, tossed by the next in scorn, and allowed to find no secure resting place. Was it her fault that life had been so hard?

A step startled her. Mr. Marchmont came bounding down the rather steep hill-side, and paused as if in surprise.

He had spent much of his summer in travelling. For a month now he had been absent. A few evenings before he had dropped in at Mr. Garth's, but she had not come down. Driving through the street on this afternoon he had caught a glimpse of her and guessed her destination.

He had remarked that Mr. Thorndike deferred to Rachel more than ever, and that she advised him as if his prosperity was the one thing nearest her heart. He had fancied Lucy neglected, but he was hardly prepared for so great a change.

If anything, she was more lovely in his estimation. The transparent complexion, where a faint shade of pink fluttered with the passing emotion; the large-lidded, melancholy eyes; the lips still scarlet; the chin still exquisitely rounded for all its thinness.

She sat down on a rock, her heart throbbing visibly. The least thing overcame her now.

He misunderstood the agitation. Vanity said that it must be for him.

"Excuse my abruptness, I caught the gleam of a white dress and I knew who frequented this little nook. But you have been ill?"

"Not very well, perhaps, but hardly to be called ill;" and she smiled gravely.

"I was disappointed at not seeing you the evening I called. Yet they said you were well."

"I seem to have dropped out of my old life, Mr. Marchmont. No one remembers me now."

There was a pathetic sadness in her tone.

"Yes," he said pointedly, "*I* do. You once asked me Mrs. Thorndike what I would do for a friend. Try me now. You stand so alone, your life has become so desolate."

"There is nothing that you can do for me."

There was something beyond dreariness in her voice, a settled apathy as if everything failed to charm. Beyond the shadowy look of suffering in her eyes all seemed a blank.

"Nothing!" he exclaimed, "nothing? Is friendship an empty sound to you, then?"

He spoke with an impassioned vehemence and his eyes kindled with a subtle fire. So might look love, so could look hate!

"I do not need it, I am not above its sympathy, but so far outside the pale that return would be useless.

He thought this an auspicious moment.

"No," he said with soft, kindling voice and dreamy eyes that had beguiled more than one woman, "no that is not what you need. You read your soul aright there. You are starving, dying for a little love. The fatal mistake of your life is bearing its bitter fruit. Friendship must stand by, impotent for awhile, and see you suffer without the power to avert one pang. But it will not always be so. And in that hour let me stand by your side. Let me counsel and advise. For I believe no human soul would guard you with such tenderness."

"Hush," she returned. "You have no right to say this."

"Your sorrow gives me a sacred right. Cannot I see that you stand utterly alone? Your very sister would betray you! Your husband casts longing eyes upon another woman, who is of his kind, after all. Your grace, your sweetness, the purity of your soul always were lost upon him. Is such a bald tie to be called marriage? Rather some monstrous and horrible blot upon a sacred sky. It is killing you slowly, sapping a life worth more than his or here, a hundred times.

"O, you are wrong," she cried with a gasp. "For Rachel is strictly, sternly good, even if he were——"

"Am I blind, think you? Will they have to wait long?"

He gave a little satirical laugh. If he were any woman's husband, that would be as hard to bear as Warren Thorndike's coarser taunts.

Yet she started at having death thus thrust at her. She could not endure that he should understand their satisfaction, since she felt sure that they did not even admit it to themselves.

"As well that as anything;" she made answer wearily.

"No," he returned," "you must live. Why, you have not outgrown youth and its pleasure, you have never tasted the divine draught of love. The bliss of living is yet to come for you. In some far sunny land sheltered and watched by a heart that beats for you alone, smiled upon until the radiance of hope has returned to your lovely eyes, and the glow of health to your cheek; when the warm blood throbs exultantly in your veins and strength returns to your limbs, then you may indeed defy them. There are paths to this boundless, joyful freedom."

A soft, seductive warmth diffused itself over his face, and a subtile flame burned beneath the droopping lids. It did not conquer her. She almost asked herself why, but the old warning was still lingering in her brain.

"Let me be your friend," said the tempting voice.

"It is best that I should go my way alone."

She spoke with a cold indifference. He had seen her kindled, full of expectation, and he did not despair. The leaven would begin to work when she was alone in her desolation.

Lucy Thorndike looked far down the river. The shores were hazy with the golden films of summer sunshine, and countless insects dazzled it like swift shooting stars. Somewhere there was rest and peace.

"Still, let me be your friend. You need one here."

She made no answer but he studied her face in the silence. The tense lines about the mouth were those of pain, not firmness. He had seen it smile. And then he was in no immediate haste to persuade.

She rose and walked along the river's edge with Vaughan Marchmont at her side. he noted the faltering step, the slow breathing, the whole change that a month had wrought. And at that moment he gave her a strange yearning love, so tender, so nearly unselfish that he did not understand it himself.

They parted at the street, she would have it so; but he said persuasively—

"You will come again?"

Warren Thorndike sat on the porch reading his paper. He had turned the corner of forty now and seemed quite an old man to her. How had she ever come to fancy him?

"I believe you have no sense;" he exclaimed crossly. "You are always moping about the house, and yet you can take long walks that would tire a strong man."

She made no reply but hung her hat in the hall as Rachel called them to supper. Indeed, through the meal she was thinking of what Mr. Marchmont had said about them.

They little guessed how narrowly she watched. Would they be—not exactly glad perhaps, but satisfied to have her dead? It was a horrible thought after all.

They talked of the business as usual. Marchmont's tour had been quite a success.

"If matters go on this way I shall be back to the old notch presently. Then I can snap my fingers in the face of the whole crew!" and he gave a little chuckle.

"But wiser, I hope;" appended Rachel.

"Yes. You'll never catch me fooling away money at that rate again;" and he glanced sharply at Lucy, as if she had been the cause.

She sat thinking. These two people seemed meant for one another. If she were out of the way it would soon come about. She had been so proud to thwart Rachel when they had first known Mr. Thorndike, but she had been sorely punished, heaven knew. If she went away—not depending upon Mr. Marchmont's friendship, but quite by herself, and if some way they could think her dead—she would be dead to all the little world that had ever known her. Would it be wrong?

Every pulse throbbed and ached. She rose to go to her room but paused in the hall. Her father sat on the door step in the moonlight.

Some inexplicable impulse urged her forward. She stood behind him, and dropped her hand on his shoulder.

"Father!" softly and with a peculiar sadness.

"You are not well, Lucy!"

He had begun to see it. He missed the old, gay, defiant spirit that had animated Lucy Thorndike.

The hand crept close beside his cheek. Soft fingers they were, and they touched some long-hidden chord.

"I've been a great trouble first and last;" she went on in a low, sad tone. "I'd like to say once of my own free will, that I am sorry for all the waywardness, the impatience of control, the quick temper, for every word and deed that has caused you pain. And if you will forgive me!"

The little hands met in an imploring clasp under his chin. The tremulous voice died away in something like a sob.

Mr. Garth could hardly believe his senses. One of the hardest things in Lucy's childhood had been bending this stubborn will. Many a time had he tried to force some acknowledgment of penitence from her, and failed.

"You will forgive? You will be tender, and pitiful, and not remember those old sins against me!" she pleaded.

"Child"—his voice was husky, and the rigid platitudes he had used heretofore seemed cold and unmeaning,—"God knows that I hold nothing against you."

"Thank you. Kiss me just once."

"What foolishness is this, Lucy?" but his voice was less stern and hard.

"Just once. You won't be sorry for it."

The lips, long unused to such caresses, met for a moment. Perhaps some dim misgiving crowded upon his soul that his self-righteous life had small fruit to show at the coming harvest. Was there not mercy as well as justice?

"Good-night," she whispered, softly, and stole away. If she had remained another moment, she must have been weeping in his arms. And then Rachel would have come forward and quenched the hysterical tenderness with her strong commonplace.

But he sat there and thought. What had come over Lucy, to make her so different; so humble? The old self-assertion had vanished—the daily bickerings were no more. Was it loss of health and spirits; or had Mr. Thorndike learned the secret of subduing her? A half-formed wish came into his mind that she had *not* married Warren Thorndike. He would have suited Rachel so well. And it seemed at that moment he had an awful glimpse of a soul that he had wrecked through blindness and hardness. Just so she had come at first and twined her soft arms around his neck, begged for caresses and forgivenesses until he had thrust her away. He thought that if he knew of Warren Thorndike's doing such a thing, he should hate him until the day of his death.

When he arose he felt weak and feeble, like a man who has been through a great strife or sorrow. Rachel was fastening the windows, and still talking of profit and loss to Thorndike. The words came into his mind unconsciously—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

He had always counted so confidently on gaining and saving, both. What if he had made a fatal mistake?

Lucy did not come down to breakfast with the rest the next morning. She took her coffee and toast in languid silence. Her resolve had been made. If she had lacked courage, her husband's cold demeanor would have supplied it.

I cannot say that there was much thought or consideration about this step of Lucy Thorndike's. It was a wild resolve to be free—to leave the place where she was so useless. She could make no one happy, she reasoned, and they would be better satisfied without her. She would have been equally glad to die—but death lingered afar.

Neither did it require much courage. She packed up some valuable jewels, and one change of clothing, in a small travelling satchel; and after writing a brief note, put on her hat and a light walking suit—for the day bid fair to be warm.

"I am going out, Rachel," she exclaimed, glancing in at the sitting-room door.

The hard, cold, unlovely face was raised a moment.

"It seems to me that if I was complaining all the time, I would stay in the house and take care of myself."

"Good-by," with a terror in her voice.

She went down the street for a square or two, then turned in the direction of the railroad station. Purchasing her ticket, she took a seat in the forward car. Being an accommodation train there was considerable freight and baggage to be taken on board. She drew her veil over her face and sat there in silence. No one spoke to her, for which she was thankful.

At the third station she stopped. A busy little town with paper mills, cotton mills, hat shops, and various smaller matters. There was always a crowd of girls and women here at Bradford, and one more or less would hardly be remarked. She went into several shops to dispose of some jewelry, and made a few purchases. For the rest of the day she secluded herself in a small room at the least pretentious hotel, and sewed until late in the evening, when utterly wearied out, she fell into a feverish slumber.

She went to breakfast in the attire of the previous day, and paid her bill afterward. Then she made a change, and enveloping herself in a long linen duster, stole quietly out in the street with a bundle in her hand beside the satchel. How to dispose of this perplexed her. She wished it to be discovered some time, but not too soon. Where could she hide it?

Back of the busy town there was a belt of woodland, and the stream that turned those busy wheels must run through it. There might be a safe place. If they thought her drowned, so much the better.

Finally she settled the matter to her liking. She was very tired, and as a stage came lumbering along she was thankful to take it for some small interior village. Would any one have recognized this slow-stepping woman in her plain black dress, brown hat and veil, without the least attempt at style, as Lucy Thorndike? There were no betraying curls floating around, no slender white hands visible, for hers were encased in coarse gloves.

When she looked back at this time it seemed as if a fate must have guided her steps, so little thought did she take. From stage to car again, a kind of confused, purposeless journeying. Once she asked how many miles she might be from Bradford, and was surprised at the distance. It would be safe to stop and rest.

And not a moment too soon did she resolve. Her trembling limbs utterly refused to carry her another step. Her brain was weak and wandering, round her eyes had settled great shadows, her tongue was dry and burning, her lips parched, and her temples throbbed fearfully.

"If I *should* die!" she thought with a vague shiver—here among strangers.

"You look very ill, Miss," said a motherly voice, when she was left standing nearly alone on the platform.

"Yes. If you could direct me—"

Her head swam round. There was a strange ringing in her ears, a rush as of a mighty sea, then all was dark, silent and peaceful.

"Poor child! Whatever am I to do with her?"

A pitiful soul answered the question. Dying or living, Lucy Thorndike had found a friend.

By this time there was of course a great stir at Dedham. Warren Thorndike had said the first noon, "Where's Lucy?" not that he cared specially.

"She went out this morning," responded Rachel.

"She doesn't seem as well as usual," said Mr. Garth slowly.

"But she's well enough to be continually on the street! To my mind that's a deal harder than work."

So might have spoken Rachel's mother years before.

"Work!" exclaimed Warren Thorndike with a clumsy kind of scorn. "There's only about one woman in a hundred who troubles her head on that score!"

Rachel knew she was that rare person, and gave a grim, satisfied smile.

"Marchmont's off again—had a telegram or something!" he announced. "I must go down to the iron works at Graysburg, and shall not be home early."

Rachel and her father had their supper alone. Mr. Garth was a good deal disturbed at Lucy's continued absence. He went out afterward and rambled around aimlessly.

All day he had been haunted by his child's sad face and sadder voice. Old memories that he tried in vain to banish rose up hauntingly. He was past sixty, and nearing the time when he must stand face to face with the deeds of his past life. He had not cheated, he had been a man of truth and honor, a just if not cordial neighbor, and perhaps as charitable as most men in his position. Yet since last night he had experienced a great lack, his self-complacency had been swept away.

Left to herself, Rachel went up to Lucy's room. Everything was in order, even to the vase of flowers upon the table. She sighed a little over the waste of time and money these adornments indicated. If Warren Thorndike had chosen a smart, sensible woman! But Lucy always had been unmanageable.

She raised the books and laid them down again; looked over the trifles in the basket, and wondered why Lucy stayed away. The drawers were unlocked, and she opened them, one by one, as if on the keen scent for some untidiness. In one lay a folded paper.

Rachel Garth was not very curious. If she had suspected her sister of any imprudence, she would have felt perfectly justified in searching every scrap of paper; but this, which would have told a part of the secret, she never touched. It had no superscription at all.

She heard Warren's heavy step, and ran down to give him his supper. He was flushed and angry.

"Is Lucy home?" he asked.

"No. I can't imagine where she went."

"She left Dedham in the train, at ten—had a ticket for Westfield. I heard that by mere accident."

"Why, she hasn't any friends there!" was Rachel's amazed comment.

"She might have had the manners to speak of it, at least. And not home yet!"

Rachel went directly up-stairs again. One of those presentiments to which we are all subject, flashed upon her. She took up the note that she had hardly remarked before, and opened it. There were just two lines, in Lucy's own delicate hand.

"I am going away. Forget me, and let me be as the dead to you all. LUCY."

She came back, holding it in her hand, her face actually pallid.

"I saw this note awhile ago, but did not open it," she said, in a thick, excited tone. It explains her absence."

Warren Thorndike read it, and then smote the table a mighty blow with his heavy fist. Rachel started, in consternation.

"The wretched, shameless huzzy. She has gone off with Marchmont! He left in the same train.

"No, it can't be!"

"I tell you that it is! They used to be great friends; and he's the kind women go crazy over. Why Miss Ronald made a fool of herself about him! Lucy's had something on her mind this long while."

Warren Thorndike smiled inwardly at his astuteness. *He* couldn't be easily blinded! Sooner or later he managed to ferret out the sly doings of others. There was no sense of wounded love nor outraged honor—no keen indignation at the thought of perfidy in wife and friend; but a kind of brutal, triumphant passion.

"What will you do?" Rachel asked the question with trembling lips.

"Let 'em go? I'm not fool enough to spend my time and money chasing after them. If a woman doesn't care for me, I shall not break my heart for her!"

"But it's a hard thing for you to bear, Warren?"

He looked as if he were quite equal to that or any other burthen. A great, brawny, stolid fellow, with no soul visible in the ruddy, heavy face. The grief would not be likely to disturb his slumbers.

"Zounds! isn't it!" he exclaimed, striking the table another blow. "To think of all I've spent on her—her fine dresses, piano, parties, and fol-de-rols! And now, because she couldn't go on in style, and because I'm not one of your sweet-scented, dangling men, she plays me this shabby trick. Well, let her go! She'll stay away, I can tell you. I'm not to be taken in with a woman's whining and a few tears.

"This comes of reading novels, and doing nothing;" said Rachel, sternly.

"Not that I blame any one," continued Mr. Thorndike. "You warned me, and so did your father. I was a fool to care about her beauty, and all that; but I thought she loved me—I really believed she did! A miserable, deceitful woman!"

Rachel felt this was the end that might have been expected for her. She was hardly surprised when it came to that. As for the temptation, the beguiling love stronger than any sense of shame, the possible struggle—all these she could know nothing of, nor realize. She would never have been tempted. Material good would have proved amply sufficient for her. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Casualties of the Rebellion.

At a recent meeting of the "Confederate Relief and Historical Society," held at Memphis, a paper was read, giving the casualties on the rebel side during the war, from 1861 to 1865. It was asserted that the available Confederate force, capable of active service, did not during the entire war exceed 600,000 men, of whom not more than 400,000 were enrolled at any one time, and of these only 200,000 were in the field. These figures, it is alleged by competent statisticians, require corroboration before they can be admitted as correct, the number of soldiers in the rebel army being supposed to be much larger. With the above basis the statistics of the casualties are as follows:—Killed, 53,773; wounded, 194,026; prisoners, 302,283. The death from disease in the rebel army can only be estimated—but the records of part of two years show that they were about three times as great as the deaths from wounds. The grand total of deaths in the rebel army is therefore placed at 200,000. On the part of the United States, the estimates of the casualties are—deaths from wounds, 96,039; and from disease, 184,331; giving a total of 280,420. It will be seen from the above figures, that on the Union side the deaths from disease were twice those from wounds. If to the above totals be added the soldiers who have died after the war from wounds and diseases contracted in the service, there is no doubt that the loss caused by the rebellion amounts to over 500,000 lives.

Soda from Sea-salt.

Some of us are old enough to remember the time when washing-soda was not so common and so cheap as now—when pearl-ash was habitually used for washing and other domestic purposes, for which washing-soda is now universal. Well might washing-soda be dearer than it now is, seeing that the whole of this useful substance was got by a tedious process out of the ashes either of actual sea-weeds, or from the ashes of certain plants that grow on the sea-coast. At length a chemist bethought himself that the sea—the ocean—held illimitable quantities of the material of washing-soda, only it chanced to be in the form of common salt. The proposition, then, was to convert salt into washing-soda. A chemical process suitable to the occasion was soon devised; and now almost all the soda that enters into commerce comes from sea-salt either taken from the ocean or from salt-mines.

☞ A Pennsylvania farmer states that he cured his daughter of the Grecian bend by pouring water on her, and holding her out in the sun till she warped back again.

Summer in Cuba.

Summer here is a trying season to a stranger. It is not so much the actual heat—the architecture of Cuban houses well-nigh sets that at defiance—but it was hard to escape an intolerable glare of reflected light, and I had an almost constant dull headache. Then after each flood of rain the long-baked earth sends up suffocating clouds of malarious steam, and insects swarm in incredible numbers. The mosquitoes are in myriads, but they are not nearly so poisonous as those of the North, and one can laugh at them from within the mosquito-bar. But the fleas! the fleas! With these torments one is perfectly helpless by night and by day. They hide in the interstices of the tile floors, and every week room after room is flooded with water to drown or wash them out, and for a day or so after the deluge we have comparative comfort. But the other days! My toilette used to be an affair of time. First, every article of clothing was to be examined and hung high and dry on the back of my rocking-chair; then after my bath, and hair put in order, I scrambled upon another chair to induce my garments; and if you've never dressed upon such a perch, I can assure you one's temper has a suffering time! After all this care, twenty minutes later, kneeling in church, there would come a puncture as of a red-hot needle in some hopelessly inaccessible spot—under a shoulder, around one's waist, beneath the stays—and this be followed by an eccentric and perfectly secure series of frenzying nips. The creatures are so large, so round, and so numerous, that I really cannot slay them in the ordinary brutal fashion; it turns me quite sick; so I keep a bowl with a strong dilution of cologne water, and into this I fiercely and effectively plunge my foes.

No other insect is so great a pest. It is true that the woodwork of ceilings and roofs becomes riddled and worthless with worms in a few years, but that's only an affair of money and the carpenter. There are centipedes, though I have mercifully been spared their vision, and now and then a spider or scorpion. The scorpion is much dreaded, though its sting is said to be but little more severe than that of the hornet, or at most to induce some fever for a few hours; but the *idea* of a scorpion sting is dreadful—I would rather encounter a whole nest of hornets. It carries its tail over its back, crawls with a *creak* as of rusty wire, and is fond of dark holes, corners, and folds. When we discovered one there was a scream for the nurse, Rosario; she dexterously snipped off the tail with her scissors, and then the final onslaught was made without danger. But you should see the roaches! Why, ours North are only the faded-out, abject, poor relations of these great, dashing, gold-brown, long-legged fellows! They are very destructive to linen and cotton clothing, eating out such holes in garments lying in the laundry for the wash, that one would think them the work of a colony of mice mothers. They congregate most thickly in the rear-court rooms; indeed, they're only on a tour when met elsewhere in the house. To one of these rooms I sometimes go after nightfall. I make a great clatter at the door, wave my candle, and down they race and tumble over the porcelain-lined walls, landing on the floor with heavy thuds like whimsical dor bugs of a June night.

We made but slight change in our fashion of life—entering the house a little earlier, perhaps, in the morning, and going out a little later in the evening. Our prolonged evening drives I shall never forget—the beautiful tropic night sky, the soft, cool air, the plash of a fountain, the gurgle of a wayside stream, the revolving Morro light, the broad avenues hedged with blossomed lemon, orange, and oleander trees, sighing acacias, palms, and southern pines, music near and far, a wayside group of figures in the strong light of an open cabin door, the click of castanets, and a girl dancing the cachuca—all the varying, free, picturesque life in the open air, its softened hum, the "open-air opera," the Governor's band on the Plaza d'Armas. Night after night Roque guided us the same round, terminating it always at the Dominica, where we had our ices, cups of chocolate, or fairy cakes, brought to the carriage, and all grossness seemed refined away from the dainty fare as we partook of it beneath the stars. We were always accompanied, either M. le Comte or Josefina occupying the seat beside Madame in her volante.

Once Monsieur Herrera took Madame, the children, and myself in his barouche, but it was like a springless wagon after our swaying volante, and for another reason the drive was memorable and unpleasant to me. After inviting us all in the morning, M. le Comte asked what toilettes we proposed to honor him with. Madame would wear white, and white lace shawl; the children pale rose; Mademoiselle white—I hope not.

"Monsieur?" "I know, but pardon me. Say I have an inexplicable whim; will you gratify it by wearing some other color than white or blue this evening?"

I glanced at Madame, but she looked as puzzled as myself. When he had gone I went to Madame, half ready to cry. "Why does M. Herrera find my dresses so ugly? Are they not fresh and proper?" "Fresh as a rose-bud, my child; it must be a whim, as he says. But what will you wear?" "I have but two that are suitable, a green tissue, and the black dress just finished." "Try the black, then; that will be sombre enough, I think." The black dress was of lace, a present from Madame herself, and as exquisite as possible. I put it on at evening, pinned an old-fashioned white lily on my bosom, put another in my hair, and surveyed myself with great satisfaction. Surely Monsieur could find nothing at which to take exception. I went with the child to the parlor. Madame turned to inspect us. "Admirable," she said, putting her hand on my shoulder, and "Isn't she lovely, grandfather?" cried Lola. "Lovely? yes," was the answer; "but," hastily, "Mademoiselle, good heavens! this is worse and worse!" I sat down indignantly.

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle. I have been so awkward I must explain. The plain truth is, I wished you to look as unlike yourself as possible to-night. You know the fondness our Cuban gentlemen—many of them—have for clustering along the Paseos and evincing their susceptibility to beauty by extravagant audible comments and compliments as the ladies pass them in their drive; indeed, I have heard you criticise the custom very severely; but you do not know that your extraordinary fairness of complexion, so especially striking here, and your custom of wearing natural flowers, also unusual here, have somewhat inflamed the southern imagination, and you are inquired for, known, and pointed out as Mme. Herrera's Lily, the French Lily, the Beautiful Lily. Now I did not wish you to know this for your own comfort, and fancied another hue of dress might dim the likeness; but I see I was as foolish in the thought as I have been clumsy in the endeavor. You will not refuse to pardon me, my dear young lady? and hereafter lilies shall be lillies as they will."

"Thank you, M. Herrera; you have been very kind."

I went to Madame: "Dear Mme. Herrera, would you excuse me from going to-night?"

"Excuse you? no, we can do a great deal better than that. Let us go to my room a few moments. Come, children."

I followed, undecided whether to be wholly vexed or wholly miserable, but there was no time for either.

"Now, children," said Madame, briskly, "we have to make Mademoiselle into a poppy? Take out her lilies, Merced; and Lola, bring your *cucuios*."

The *cucuio* is a beetle—a firefly beetle, with three large lamps of pale green-yellow light—a light so clear that I read some of the fine print in a New York "Tribune," at midnight, by the aid of one beetle imprisoned under a tumbler.

The beetles are harmless, tame—and Lola had a large basket in which she kept quite a number of these odd pets munching away upon finely-cut sugar-cane. They will glow in the daytime if flung for a few minutes into a basin of cold water. The ladies use them for decorative purposes, the beetles possessing a loop of cord, or muscle, upon the back, quite superfluous unless for their painless attachment upon dresses or headgear; though, possibly, they are the creature's guards against snapping themselves in twain, for they are always going off in dull, heavy snaps. The children soon had Lola's living jewels gleaming among the ruffles on the front of my dress, and would have affixed them to the corsage and sleeves, but I could not have them quite so near me.

"Something more," said Madame; "what ornaments have you?"

"A few pearls, that were my mother's—and my grandmother's emeralds; but I've never worn the emeralds."

"Get them, please."

By this time I had entered into the spirit of the travesty. I ran to my room, and quickly brought thence a tiny locked box of treasures. My grandmother's set had necklace, bracelets, and earrings. I clasped on the necklace and bracelets, but the earrings were useless; you know my ears were never pierced. But I've dressed for a play before. "String, please, Rosario!" and deftly Rosario ties them on. I ran my fingers through my hair, loosened the crisp waves into a mass of crazy fluff, then turned to Madame, "Shall I do?"

Madame looked at me reflectively—"The box of feather flowers, Rosario."

Then, after a little excavation, "See how well I can match your toilette!" and she produced a peacock's eye-feather fan and coronal. Rosario bound the barbaric fillet around the fluff, the fan was hung at my wrist, and we returned triumphantly to the parlor. I swept M. le Comte a profound courtesy: "Pocahontas, at your service, Monsieur!" and "*Va pour la princesse!*" answered Monsieur, bowing as profoundly. I have since heard no further nonsense about lilies, save from Lola, to whom I am Lily-Queen, Honey-Sweet, Angel-Lamb, etc., of fond foolishness.—*The Galaxy.*

FRENCH POLITENESS.—Do our readers know what is the French idea of "a well-bred man?" According to a writer in La National—whose authority may not be unimpeachable—the idea is exemplified in the following incident: A French nobleman, visiting an English nobleman in London, was offered by the latter a glass of "excellent port wine." The English nobleman's butler made a mistake, however, and somehow filled the visitor's glass with cod liver oil. This did not prevent the Frenchman from swallowing the liquid presented to him. He drank up the whole, we are told, without a shudder.

☞ A LARGE DOSE.—An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at one house a box of pills, and at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying direction: "Swallow one every two hours."

☞ "My dear boy," said a lady to a precocious youth of sixteen, "does your father design you to tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession—the straight and narrow paths of the ministry, or revel in the flowery fields of literature?" "No, marm; dad says he's going to set me to work in the tater field."

☞ Blossom Rock, in the harbor of San Francisco, is to be blown up, as all the excavations have been made, the powder placed, and the galvanic battery wires run out preparatory to the explosion. The cavity is 158 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 12 feet deep at the lowest point, and is filled with 51,520 pounds or 23 tons of powder.

☞ Writers who are disturbed by harsh criticisms on their works, need not, therefore, be downhearted. On the first appearance of "Paradise Lost" one critic wrote concerning it: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered a merit, it has no other." Later opinions of that poem differ a trifle from this one.

☞ Rev. Dr. Bellows well says: "He who thinks the Mississippi flows to water his farm, or can be fully seen from his own verandah, is no more foolish than the man who thinks Christianity flows through his creed or his meeting-house only, or is comprehended by his personal observation or experience."

☞ Rev. W. R. Huntington, of Worcester, Massachusetts, has been offered the rectorship of St. Mark's Church, New York, with a salary of $10,000 per annum—the highest clerical figure paid in New York, except to the fathers of Trinity.

☞ The following anecdote is related concerning Richard Wagner, or perhaps, more strictly, concerning Offenbach. Wagner had sent to Offenbach, who is of the Jewish persuasion, his work entitled, "Le Regne des Juifs dans la Musique." In reply the latter wrote: "Dear Wagner, you will do better to write music." On receiving this letter the other forwarded the score of his "Meister Singer," whereupon, after a few days, the following answer was returned: "Dear Wagner, on reflection, you will do better, I think, to continue writing books."

☞ Paper handkerchiefs, coverlets, petticoats and table-cloths are now manufactured and will soon be in general use.

More About California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

CONCERNING GRASS VALLEY.

There are some sixteen mines now being successfully worked in Grass Valley—of these, many have extensive and valuable machinery; and some of the most important give employment to as many as two hundred men. The Eureka mine was sold three years ago, for $400,000. The profits on the mine paid the purchase money within twelve months; and the company have since divided nearly a million of dollars. The Idaho paid for itself in six months, and from $15,000 to $20,000 is being divided monthly amongst the stockholders. The Ophir is yielding monthly from fifteen to thirty thousand dollars. The North Star as much more. The other mines referred to, are the Allison Ranch, Orleans, Wisconsin, Hartery, Perrins, Town Talk, Alta Hill, Seven-Thirty, Union Hill, Green Horn, Coe Ledge, and Bowery.

Not less than thirty other mines have been opened and proved to be good, but have suspended until a reduction takes place in the high price of labor. Some of them will probably commence operations again during the summer. There are taken up and recorded in the township, something over one thousand different quartz ledges—nearly all of which have been partially prospected, and found to give good promise.

About $200,000, in bullion, is shipped monthly to the mint in San Francisco; and there is paid out monthly to miners and laborers from $80,000 to $100,000. It is estimated, that should wages be reduced from fifteen to twenty per cent., the mines that would start up at once would give employment to at least two thousand more men than are already at work.

Like other California towns, Grass Valley has suffered much from fires. The most terrible of these occurred on the night of September 13, 1855, causing a loss estimated at $350,000. The excessively combustible nature of the materials causing the flames to spread very rapidly, in less than an hour and a half three hundred buildings, covering about thirty acres of ground, were swept away. The energetic people, accustomed as they were to the varied vicissitudes of an adventurous career, set to work without delay the following morning to rebuild the town. There have been other very extensive conflagrations since, but none so fearfully disastrous. Now the town is so well supplied with water, and the engine system is so perfect, that when fire does break out, its progress is quickly checked.

Grass Valley has at present, about eight thousand inhabitants, and supports six public schools and four private ones, six churches, two banking-houses, two foundries where first-class machinery is made, two hose companies and a hook and ladder company, gas works, water works, an immense quantity of stores, etc., etc. Until last week, there has been for some years two daily newspapers published here; then one of these was removed to Nevada City, the county-seat, four miles north-east from here, to unite with one of the two papers of that place. Our remaining newspaper, the "Grass Valley Union," promises to recompense us for this loss by increasing its size and interest. California is the most tremendous place for newspapers I ever heard of, so many towns of a size that elsewhere would not feel able to support more than a weekly paper, here carry on one or two dailies.

There is a most amusing rivalry between Grass Valley and Nevada City, and there is a constant newspaper sparring between the two, especially when all other local items fail. Nevada is but half the size of this town, but then she prides herself upon being a *city*, whilst Grass Valley laughs at her for the empty honor for which her people must pay so heavily in taxes. Then the Nevada people cannot bear to admit that Grass Valley possesses the most important mines, and the newspapers accuse the people of calling the prominent mines here "the mines near Nevada." The two places always manage to keep some element of discord afloat in a good-natured way.

We are here at an altitude of 2,560 feet. I mention this now, because I remember in a former letter stating 1,800 feet, and have since learned from a new table of statistics that the one which was then my authority was incorrect in this particular. The climate here is delicious, unusually so this year, for the rainy season has been but a moderate one. During the past two months we have had more of rain and storm than before, yet rarely more than a day or two at a time. To-day we have had about the heaviest fall of snow of the season, yet now—at 4 P. M.—half an hour of sunshine has removed nearly all trace of it. Higher up the mountains there has been a more abundant portion of snow and storm. Early in the winter it was feared that the mountain stores of snow would be insufficient to supply the mountain lakes and streams during the dry season, now all hearts are set at rest upon this score.

I wrote of flowers here in December, and we have continued to have similar flowers since without cessation, whilst since the middle of February their varieties have been weekly increasing. Recently I went out to gather wild flowers, and brought home some very lovely specimens. Peach trees began to come into blossom about the first of March, almond trees were blooming the latter part of February, the cherry blossoms are already in bud, a few warm days will bring them forward now any time. We have had green peas and new potatoes in the markets for several weeks, brought from a few miles below us; in Marysville, 35 miles below, they have had strawberries for some time; we shall soon have them here. Directly out of my window some birds have built their nests in the shrubbery about the piazza; they have been flying and singing around all winter long. AUBER FORESTIER.

☞ A Canadian clergyman, not long since, was called upon by an Irish girl, who asked how much he charged for marrying anybody. He replied, "A dollar and a half," and Biddy departed. A few evening later, on being summoned to the door, he was accosted by the same person, with the remark that she had come to be married.

"Very well," said the minister; but perceiving, with astonishment, that she was alone, he continued, "Where is the man?"

"And don't you find the man for a dollar and a half?"

☞ Railways are aristocrats. They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there.

WIT AND HUMOR.

What Did the Man Say?

Those who are in the habit of attending police and other courts must have observed the difficulty under which lawyers and judges labor, sometimes, in getting witnesses to testify in legal form. The following, which took place in a Cincinnati court, is an amusing and perfect example. A man had been caught in the act of theft, and pleaded in extenuation that he was drunk:

Court (to the policeman who was witness), "What did the man say when you arrested him?"

Witness—"He said he was drunk."

Court—"I want his precise words, just as he uttered them; he didn't use the pronoun *he*, did he? He didn't say '*he* was drunk.'"

Witness—"Oh, yes, he did—he said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

Court—(Getting impatent at the witness's stupidity—"You don't understand me at all; I want the words just as he uttered them; didn't he say, '*I* was drunk?'"

Witness—(Deprecatingly)—"Oh, no, your honor. He didn't say *you* was drunk; I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

Prosecutor—"Pshaw! you don't comprehend at all. His honor means, did not the prisoner say to you, '*I* was drunk?'"

Witness—(Reflectively)—"Well, he might have said *you* was drunk, but I didn't hear him."

Attorney for Prisoner—(Blandly)—"What the court desires is to have you state the prisoner's exact words, preserving the precise form of pronoun that he made use of in reply. Was it the first person I, the second person thou, or the third person he, she or it? Now then, sir, (with severity) upon your oath, didn't my client say, '*I* was drunk?'"

Witness—(Getting mad)—"No, he didn't say *you* was drunk either, but if he had, I reckon he wouldn't a lied any. Do you s'pose the poor fellow charged this whole court with being drunk?"

A Showman on the Woodchuck.

Reported verbatim from a showman's speech at a menagerie in England. It was particularly edifying to the auditors, and may be to our readers:—

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the distinguished hanimal which is known as the Hamerican Woodchuck, first discovered by General Christopher Columbus, in his voyage to the woods of Hameriky. Christopher saw him quietly seated upon a bank of clover, a-viewing the setting sun, and vondering vot vould become of it. This 'ere is one of the descendants of that same woodchuck, as may be easily seen by his general happearance, vich is beautiful and striking. He is a solitary creechur, and is called woodchuck because he lives in the woods, and the boys chuck stones at him. He has hair upon his back, and his tail is much the same. His eyes are at the opposite ends of his body, and assist him in the amusing occupation of seeing, vich he can see in the dark as vell as in the light, helse he vouldn't live in 'oles hunder the ground. Like most hanimated things, he is fond of enjoying himself, vich he does in a very amiable and interesting vay. He 'obles along the ground, ven nobody is looking, vatches the birds in the trees, and tries to sing like them, vich he never succeeded in doing; but this is not his fault, because he hasn't got any feathers. The woodchuck lives a good vile. Howing to the quiet life vich the woodchuck enjoys, I 'ave sometimes vished I was a woodchuck myself. But then there is not hexcitement enough in it for a showman, though I can say, as Helexander remarked to Diogenes, 'Hif I were not a showman, I vould be a woodchuck.' Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the werry oss on vich the Duke of Vallentine slew the Lord Napoleon Bonaparte! Stir him up, John, and make him kick a bit."

Had Done Enough.

A Revolutionary soldier was running for Congress, and his opponent was a young man, who had "never been to the wars," and it was the custom of the old Revolutionary to tell of the hardships he had endured. Said he—

"Fellow-citizens: I have fought and bled for my country. I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle, with no other covering than the canopy of Heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood—"

Just about this time one of the sovereigns, who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat-tail, and interrupted him with:

"Did you say you had fout the British and the Injins?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you say you slept on the ground, while serving your country without any kiver?"

"I did."

"Did you say your feet covered the ground you walked over with blood?"

"I did," said the speaker, exultingly.

"Well, then," said the sovereign, as he gave a sign of tearful emotion, "I guess I'll vote for t'other fellow; for I'll be blamed if you ain't done enough for your country."

A Good Borrower.

"Mrs. H.," exclaimed a little urchin, on running into a near neighbor's house, "mother wanted me to ask, would ye please lend 'er yer candle-molds?"

The molds were given him, and he ran home. In a few minutes he returned with this query:

"Mother wants to know if ye'd be kind enough to lend 'er some wickin'?"

The wicking was measured off, and he again departed. But he soon appeared again, and said:

"Mother would be so thankful if you had a little taller ye'd be so kind as to lend her?"

Mrs. H., good-naturedly produced the desired article, and as the boy started for the door, she said:

"Wouldn't your mother like to have me come over and mold the candles for her?"

"Wal, yis," replied the boy. "I reckon she'd like it fust rate, cos she sed she didn't understand it very well; but she don't like to be troublin' her neighbors, so she wouldn't ask ye."

☞ The school commissioners in Iowa prohibit "lady teachers" kissing schoolboys over eighteen years of age.

"THIEVES! MURDER!"

But it wasn't! It was only Tom Waggle, returning from a Masked Ball, but he nearly frightened his young brother out of his wits.

A Frenchman's Bath.

I go in, and say to an Englishman,
"I want a bath."
"Yes, sir. What eat, sir?"
I look at him. Mon Dieu! I tink how foolish is zis man. I say, "No thank you." He says again—
"What eat, sir—what eat?"
I begin to get angry. I did not tink ze Anglaise so barbaric to eat just before ze bath. In France we eat after ze bath; it derange ze stomach to go in ze hot water after one has eaten. The man was vare angry; he say some rude word. Then he come back with a thermemetair in his hand. He call out loud enough to make me deaf:
"What eat for your bath, sir? Show with your finger."

AN EXCELLENT SUBJECT.—In all policies of life-insurance these, among a host of other questions, occur: "Age of father, if living; age of mother, if living." A man in the country who filled up an application, made his father's age, "if living," 112 years, and his mother's 109. The agent was amazed at this showing, and fancied he had got an excellent subject; but feeling somewhat dubious, remarked that the man came of a very long-lived family. "Oh, you see, sir," replied the applicant, "my parents died many years ago, but 'if living,' would be aged as there put down." "Oh, I see," said the agent, as he indulged in a most unaccountable fit of laughing.

Victoria and Eugenie.

About a dozen years, I suppose, have passed away since I saw the Empress Eugenie and Queen Victoria sitting side by side. Assuredly the difference even then might well have been called a contrast, although the Queen was in her happiest time, and has worn out terribly fast since that period. But the quality which above all others Queen Victoria wanted was just that in which the Empress of the French is supreme—the quality of imperial, womanly grace. I have never been a rapturous admirer of the beauty of the Empress; a certain narrowness of contour in the face, the eyes too closely set together, and an appearance of artificiality in every movement of the features, seem to me to detract very much from the charms of her countenance. But her queenly grace of gesture, of attitude, of form, of motion, must be admitted to be beyond cavil, and superb. She looks just the woman on whom any sort of garment would hang with grace and attractiveness; a blanket would become like a regal mantle if it fell round her shoulders; I verily believe she would actually look graceful in Mary Walker's costume, which I consider decidedly the most detestable, in an artistic sense, ever yet induced by mortal woman.

Poor Queen Victoria looked awkward and homely indeed by the side of this graceful, noble form; this figure that expressed so well the combination of suppleness and affluence, of imperial dignity and charming womanhood. Time has not of late spared the face of the Empress of the French. Lines and hollows are growing fast there; the bright eyes are sinking deeper into their places; the complexion is fading and clouding. But the grace of form and movement is still there, unimpaired and unsurpassed. The whitest and finest shoulders still surmount a noble bust, which, but that its amplitude somewhat exceeds the severe proportions of antique Grecian beauty, might be reproduced in marble to illustrate the contour of a Venus or a Juno. I have seldom looked at the Empress of the French, or at any picture or bust of her, without thinking how Mary Wortley Montague would have gone into bold and eloquent raptures over the superb womanhood of that splendid form.—*Justin McCarthy, in Galaxy.*

ONE REASON WHY THE YOUNG MEN DON'T MARRY.—Said a young lawyer:—"I have been looking for a wife for full three years, ever since I got established in practice, and I have not found a girl or unappropriated woman whom I felt it safe to marry. They are fashionable, false, foolish, cold or silly, sometimes all combined. Whereas, I want a woman who is sensible, independent, earnest, sincere and loving. Do I ask too much?"

☞ The Courier-Journal announces that Senator Sumner will soon introduce a bill to abolish the word "white" in the title of "The White House," and to have the Presidential mansion painted either a chocolate color or a jet black. Sumner says he will never submit to be elected President until this is done.

☞ The Chemquassabamticook River flows into Lower Umsakis Lake between Upper Pataquongomts and Wallahgosqurgamook Lakes.

The Jewel in the Toad's Head.

What is the precious jewel that the toad wears in his head? A chorus of voices will reply, His eye. But the toad has two eyes, says a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, and if Shakspeare had alluded to the reptile's beauteous visuals, would he not in his exactness have spoken of more than one jewel, especially as he puts the uses of adversity in the plural? Since, however, the singular only is used, it would appear as if the poet meant something else than the toad's eye. May not the allusion be to the toadstone—not the geologist's trap-rock that bears the name, but that hard lump of osseous or stony matter which naturalists say is to be found in the heads of old toads? Lately, a student of these burly batrachians exhumed a statement concerning the virtues of this pebble, or bone, whichever it be. It was to the effect that, "There is to be found in the heads of old and great toads a stone they call borax or stelon. This, worn in a ring, gives a forewarning against venom." One Fenton wrote this in 1569, thirty years before Shakspeare wrote "As You Like It," in which play (Act II. Scene 1) the sweet uses of adversity are insisted upon. The stone, you see, was to be worn like a jewel. Were such rings common in the poet's time, and had he one in his mind's eye when he penned the oft-quoted passage?

The Cross.

It is not among Christians only that the cross has been employed as a religious symbol. It was used as such by the aborigines of North and South America, as well as by the most ancient nations of the Old World. Prescott relates that the Spaniards found the cross as an object of worship in the temples of Mexico; and researches in Central America and Peru prove that it was used in the same way by the inhabitants of those countries. Lately, in Licking county, Ohio, there were found several crosses, among many other hieroglyphics, sculptured upon a rock; relics, doubtless, of great antiquity. Mr. Brinton, in Myths of the New World, says that the Indians regard the cross as an emblem of the four cardinal points of the compass.

The ancient Phœnicians, Persians, Assyrians and Brahmins looked upon the cross as a holy symbol, as is abundantly testified by the numerous hieroglyphics and the other pictorial representations on their monumental remains. The cross is figured on Egyptian coins of the time of the Ptolemies; and Rufinus, Socrates and Sozomen, ecclesiastical historians of the fourth and fifth centuries, all refer to the discovery of the sign of the cross in the temple of Serapis, and which was regarded by the Egyptians as emblematic of the future life.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Conversational Usages in England.

In England, letters there are posted, not mailed; periodicals are taken in, not taken; a friend on a visit stops, but does not stay; you order something to be fetched, not brought; you ride on horseback only, never in a carriage; foremost men are clever, not smart; a high wind only is a storm, not a fall of rain; meadows are uplands, never bogs or swamps; cooked meat may be under-done, never rare; Lady-day, Midsummer-day, Michaelmas and Christmas are the times when all quarterly rents are due, never March 31st, June 30th, September 30th, and December 31st; it is the rental of a house you pay, not the rent; autumn is the late season of the year, not fall; hedges, shrubs, and trees are quick, not alive; and you ask that two or more things may be done at once (*at one time*), and not necessarily instantly. Cocks and hens, rams and ewes, bulls and cows, stallions, mares, and geldings, jacks and jennies, bucks and roes, dogs and sluts, still retain their Saxon names, and it is at no time offensive to use them. And women of good blood and gentle breeding in common with the other sex have ankles and calves, knees and legs, and do not blush to speak of them.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

☞ This is called a Colorado romance: Seven miners, exploring the mountains, found an enormous chunk of gold. They fought for its possession till all were killed but one. It was too heavy for him to carry off, so he sat down beside it and starved to death.

☞ TOUCHING AND IRRESISTIBLE.—Touching and irresistible was that invitation of the rustic maiden to her swain:—"Come over and see me; we have a new lamp at our house, that we can turn down, down, down, until there isn't scarcely a bit of light in the room."

☞ The Woman question—"Can you let me have $20 this morning?"

AGRICULTURAL.

Raise Sheep—Eat Mutton.

Good mutton, well-fattened and neatly butchered, is the most wholesome, nutritious and cheapest of meats. It grows quickly, and costs little to produce it, compared with beef and pork. Every farmer should have a few long-wooled Cosset sheep, at least—Cotswold or Leicester. They are little trouble, and will keep fat on the orts of the cattle. They usually bring twin lambs, which will sell to the butchers for from $8 to $10 by the first of July. Their fleece averages from eight to fourteen pounds, with from sixteen to twenty-five per cent. shrinkage only. Their wool is now, and will be, in the future, worth thirty per cent. more than merino, which shrinks forty-five to sixty per cent., according to the family and treatment of the flock. Long wool makes strong, excellent and durable stocking yarn, though it is mostly used to make the brilliant, light and lustrous Orleans goods, for the apparel of our pretty women. Two such sheep will yield as much profit as a common cow, and five of them can be kept as cheap as a cow in milk. Their lambs and mutton would keep a farmer supplied with the best of fresh meat of any kind, as often as is necessary, the year round, and would make an agreeable episode to the eternal round of salt junk and pork, and be far more healthy than either. Those who eat principally salted meats show it in their complexion, their skin being less fair and smooth. Pork, at best, eaten constantly, produces irritation and eruptions of the skin.

We have now a plenty of sheep in the country—over 32,000,000 head (more than ever before, according to the population.) Then let all manufacturers, mechanics, and all men who are interested to have good meat and the board of operatives cheap and wholesome, see to it that mutton raising and wool growing are properly encouraged, as a matter of health and economy. Meat is a great item in the expense of board of operatives, etc. If we grow our own wool we shall always have mutton plenty and cheap. This will affect materially the price of other meat.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Hints on Milking Cows.

A man who had done his own milking, employed a boy to do it; he shrunk the milk one-third in two weeks. The owner resumed the milking, and in two weeks got the same as before. Afterward he set a hired man to milk, and he shrunk the milk ten per cent. in two weeks; and in two weeks more, the owner milking again, got as much as before. This man does the work quickly and milks very clean. He closes the forefinger and thumb around the teat high up, and makes a downward motion, tightening the grip and forcing out the milk; then lets go his hold, keeping the finger and thumb in circle, carries up the hand and presses it smartly against the udder, and closes and pulls down as before, and so repeats until done. The philosophy, if any, is to give as near as may be the same motion that the calf does in sucking.—*David Goodall, in St. Johnsbury, Vt., Times.*

A Market Garden.

Hortus," in the North-western Farmer, mentions a market garden he saw, the past summer, near Boston, in which every foot of ground was forced to yield several crops. Before one was taken off, another was on the way between the rows. Ground which was growing green corn for market, had already furnished lettuce, onions, radishes, or spinnach, and was expected to supply a crop of turnips after the corn was removed, the seed being sown while the latter was maturing. Cabbage succeeded early potatoes, and late ones followed on the pea ground. Cranberry beans grew luxuriously between the rows of early salads. A bed of strawberries, comprising ten square rods, constituted a portion of the garden, the produce of which sold in market for one hundred and sixty dollars.

How to Make New Rope Pliable.

Considerable difficulty is sometimes experienced in handling new rope on account of its stiffness. This is especially the case when it is wanted for halter and cattle ties. Every farmer is aware how inconvenient a new, stiff rope halter is to put on and tie up a horse with. And new ropes for tying cattle are frequently unsafe, for the reason that they are not pliable enough to knot securely. All this can be remedied, and new rope made as limber and soft at once as after a year's constant use, by simply boiling it for two hours in water. Then hang it in a warm room, and let it dry out thoroughly. It retains its stiffness until dry, when it becomes perfectly pliable.

HOME-MADE FERTILIZERS.—Farmers are too apt to neglect the husbanding of their home resources for fertilizers. The privy, the sink spout, the muck bed, the road scrapings, the wash from the barn yard—each afford good means through which to add to the great manure receptacle of the farm, but they are too often neglected, while the farmer pays sixty dollars a ton for some highly praised concentrated manure. We advise them all to follow the former practice more closely, and pay less for manufactured fertilizers.—*Maine Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

TO BOIL FRESH FISH.—After being well cleaned, rub the fish with salt, and pin it in a towel; put it in a pot of boiling water, and keep it boiling fast;—a large fish will take from ½ to ¾ of an hour—a small one from 15 to 20 minutes. A fat shad is very nice boiled, although rock and bass are preferred generally; when done, take it up on a fish-dish, and cover it with egg sauce or drawn butter and parsley. Pickled mushrooms and walnuts, and mushroom catsup, are good with boiled fish.

FRIED HALIBUT.—Have the slices seasoned some hours before frying, as it makes it less liable to break in turning. Prepare egg-crumbs, seasoned—dip it in, and fry brown.

ECONOMICAL PAINT.—Skim milk 2 quarts, fresh slacked lime 8 oz., linseed oil 6 oz., white burgundy pitch 2 oz., Spanish white 3 lbs. The lime to be slacked in water, exposed to the air, mixed in one-fourth of the milk; the oil in which the pitch is previously dissolved, to be added a little at a time; then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. This quantity is sufficient for 27 square yards, 2 coats.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 92 letters.
My 33, 8, 16, 14, 26, 64, 2, 86, 52, 38, 41, 77, 79, 23, is the name of an English poet.
My 59, 90, 88, 40, 49, 21, 51, was the hero of one of Shakspeare's tragedies.
My 58, 7, 85, 70, 83, 45, 87, was a fairy invented by the Italian poets.
My 47, 44, 62, 29, 71, 3, 73, is a character in the Arabian Nights Entertainment.
My 4, 25, 82, 27, 79, 57, 48, is a character in Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice.
My 1, 66, 90, 87, 32, 79, 89, is the hero of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.
My 46, 13, 68, 92, 84, 75, was a famous magician in Spenser's Faery Queen.
My 18, 21, 74, 34, 20, 29, 65, 68, is the name of an American poet.
My 30, 64, 9, 38, 35, 54, 14, 76, 6, is the name of a city in Scotland.
My 12, 19, 5, 11, 45, 52, 87, 67, 81, 78, is a child in Dickens's novel, "The Old Curiosity Shop."
My 10, 17, 24, 29, 50, 60, are alike.
My 69, 43, 81, 91, 56, 72, is a boy's name.
My 15, 28, 59, 42, are vowels.
My 36, 61, 80, is an evergreen tree.
My whole is a quotation from Tennyson's Vivien. H. M. S.
Norwich, N. Y.

Riddle.

My 1st is in eagle, but not in bird.
My 2d is in whisper, but not in word.
My 3d is in glory, but not in fame.
My 4th is in hunter, but not in game.
My 5th is in crystal, but not in glass.
My 6th is in maiden, but not in lass.
My 7th is in desert, but not in gloom.
My 8th is in cannon, but not in boom.
My 9th is in frighten, but not in scare.
My 10th is in curious, but not in rare.
My 11th is in news, but not in tattle.
My 12th is in drum, but not in rattle.
My 13th is in warble, but not in song.
My 14th is in able, but not in strong.
My 15th is in diamond, but not in gem.
My 16th is in apple, but not in stem.
My 17th is in almond, but not in shell.
My 18th is in lady, but not in belle.
My 19th is in sunshine, but not in light.
My 20th is in wither, but not in blight.
My 21st is in sever, but not in part.
My 22d is in deer, but not in hart.
My 23d is in night, but not in dark.
My 24th is in flint, but not in spark.
My 25th is in yacht, but not in barque.
Now read me rightly and you will know
That my whole is with us even now.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Diophantine Problem.

Required—three positive integral numbers, such that if the product of any two of them be multiplied by the sum of the same two the result will be a square number.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Trigonometrical Problem.

Isaac, one day, said to his brother James: Suppose you owned a triangular tract of land, the sum of whose first and second sides would be 912 perches, the sum of the first and third sides 744 perches, and the sum of the second and third sides 648 perches; what would your supposed tract of land be worth at as many cents per acre as there would be number of acres inclosed in said sides? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the greatest instance on record of the power of the magnet? Ans.—A young lady who drew a gentleman thirteen miles and a half every Sunday of his life.

☞ Why are pipes all humbug? Ans.—Because the best of them are meer-shams.

☞ How long does a widow mourn for her husband? Ans.—She mourns for a second.

☞ What flower would furnish a drawing-room best? Ans.—Rose would.

☞ Why is a stupid schoolboy like a town in Scotland? Ans.—Because he is a dunce (Dunse.)

☞ What plant is always entreating and persuading? Ans.—Let-tuce (Let us.)

☞ Where does a young lady give herself away? Ans.—Wherever she presents herself.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—
"To fix a good or evil course,
Example is of potent force;
And they who wish the young to teach,
Must even practice what they preach."
RIDDLE.—Tom-big-by. (Tombigbee.)

TO CLEAN PAINT.—There is a very simple method to clean almost any kind of paint that has become dirty, and if our housewives should adopt it, it would save them a great deal of trouble. Provide a plate with some of the best whiting to be had, and have ready a cloth and some clean warm water, wet the cloth in the water and then squeeze dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease. After which, wash the part well with clean water, rubbing it dry with soft chamois. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using soap, and does not require more than half the time and labor.

TO REMOVE ACID STAINS AND RESTORE COLOR.—When color on a fabric has been accidentally or otherwise destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will in almost all cases restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common, but that of chloroform is but little known. Chloroform will also remove paint from a garment or elsewhere, when benzole or bi-sulphide of carbon fails.—*Journal of Applied Chemistry.*